NEW STATESMAN

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THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BOMB

The warheads that pass the bottom of your garden

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NEW STATESMAN Vol 101 No 2612 10 April 1981

THE UNAUTHORISED HISTORY OF THE BRITISH BOMB

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Patrick Wintour explains how Tony Benn could do better than some expect

Defeat for union bosses?

TONY BENN does not expect to be elected deputy leader of the Labour Party but his chances of success are greater than this judgement might suggest. Benn is undoubtedly strongly supported in the constituencies — who have 30 per cent of the votes. But he also has considerable following among trade union activists and it is far from clear that union general secretaries will be able to deliver their bloc votes — 40 per cent of the total — for Healey. Many of them have already been caught on the hop.

Over the last few months a group of union general secretaries — including Clive Jenkins, Moss Evans and David Basnett — have been planning a display of unity at the Labour Party conference, which would, they hoped, be followed by the creation of a general election atmosphere. Benn's standing was not part of this vision. However, Benn had decided as long ago as last December, when Foot was elected leader, to stand once the Wembley special conference had decided the precise make-up of the electoral college (see below).

> ... to discuss the method of electing the leaders. Some agreed that in the interests of unity no-one should stand against either Foot or Healey under any new voting system in the autumn. (Benn is planning to stand against Healey);
> Organised conference ...

New Statesman 23.1.81

> ... support.
> The first point to clear up is that Mr Tony Benn's challenge to Mr Healey was neither expected nor inevitable. Commen-

Observer 5.4.81

Underestimating the full implications of this possibility could prove a serious mistake for the general secretaries. For in December it was not clear whether the elections would be held in April or at the party conference in October. The decision to wait until October owes much to the pressure from those union leaders involved in Trades Unions for a Labour Victory and has provided Benn with an outstanding campaign platform.

Between now and October, virtually every union holds its conference and Benn will be looking for support from the rank and file delegates at these meetings. The unions have never had to vote before on the election of the leader and deputy leader of the Labour Party and it is unclear how each union will make its decision on how to cast its vote. Will it be decided by conference, the executive, the Labour Party delegation or by a special political committee?

In many unions the opportunity exists for the delegates to give their representatives at the Labour Party conference unambiguous instructions on how the union's votes are to be cast: this has often not proved possible in the past on policy issues, as long composite motions are capable of many interpretations.

I'm not Denis Healey

THOUGH MOST union conference agendas have now been published, Benn's announcement still leaves plenty of time for branches to send in emergency resolutions to Standing Orders Committees, which decide whether or not to accept them. Some may try and rule such resolutions out of order on the grounds that non-Labour members are present at conference, but they will not be able to do this without a struggle and it may be hard to resist a flood of resolutions from branches.

The crucial conferences are NUPE (10 May), ASTMS (16 May) GMWU (7 June), TGWU (22 June) and NUM (6 July). Benn intends to speak in as many conference halls as he is allowed to and at as many fringe meetings as he can fit in. His great strength is that on the issues of the EEC, unilateralism and economic policy some general secretaries may have trouble defending Healey, who will nonetheless have the final card of 'If you don't support me, I'll leave.' But Benn may fudge his position on incomes policy. He chairs the national executive Home Policy committee, which is currently discussing a paper which advocates incomes policy as part of a socialist programme. So far he has opposed the proposal on the grounds that it will lead to an authoritarian state. □

Claudia Wright examines America's Middle East policy

Haig's triple squeeze

AMONG THE MUSCULAR epithets of which the small but stocky General Haig is fond, none describes his stratagem for the Middle East better than the 'Triple Squeeze'. This is a plan to surround every government inimical to the Reagan administration, every potential troublespot or chokepoint in the Middle East, North Africa and the Mediterranean, with three types of American forces — a naval task force with enough shipboard artillery and carrier-launched aircraft to support the second type of force, marines or special infantry, to be flown in from land bases on the territory of friendly, client countries nearby. The third type of force, to be infiltrated across borders, is a mixture of expatriate subversives and mercenaries, who can parade as national liberators recognised by Washington. Major Haddad in southern Lebanon and Hissein Habre in Chad are two examples.

A fourth squeeze, to be prepared in tight secrecy and flashed at the Soviet Union to deter it from coming to its clients' rescue, will come from nuclear weapons, stocked at the moment at locations in Greece and Turkey but available for dispersion around the western Mediterranean if the secret part of talks with Spain and Portugal can be settled as Haig would like.

It is a long established rule in American military thinking not to contemplate action unless the enemy is outnumbered at least two to one. American pilot morale suffered terribly when it was discovered that Vietnamese AA batteries were firing missiles instead of bamboo spears. The Haig plan, therefore, is an attempt to recover the numerical and firepower superiority the United States used to have in the 1950s, when the Sixth Fleet dominated the Mediterranean from Syria to Morocco.

Around Libya, for example, there are to be American reinforcements and staging facilities in the Egyptian western desert, covert aid for the Hissein Habre guerrilla force in south-west Sudan, on the Chad border, close-in Sixth Fleet patrols in the Gulf of Sirte, and improved air defence and surveillance operations from Tunisian territory. To protect King Hassan of Morocco, and at the same time watch the approaches to the Mediterranean and troublesome spots like the Western Sahara and Mauritania, there are US naval and communications facilities in Morocco itself, airbases in the Portuguese Azores and in Spain, less than an hour's flying time away.

Between 1 and 4 April, during his visit to Washington, the Turkish Foreign Minister, Ilter Turkmen, secretly told Secretary Weinberger and Secretary Haig that Turkey will permit American operations against Syrian, Iraqi and Iranian targets from joint US-Turkish bases if the need arises. This contradicts public commitments by Turkish leaders before the September coup, and assurances Turkmen himself gave Arab leaders at the Islamic summit conference in January. Iraq and Syria are also covered by American aircraft using the Akrotiri base on Cyprus.

South Yemen and Ethiopia can be struck from several sides — from

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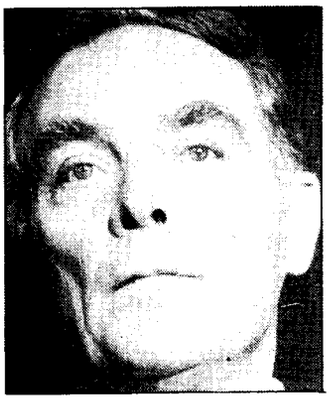
Ras Banas on the Red Sea in Egypt, from Berbera and Mogadishu in Somalia, and from Masirah, Salalah and Thumrait in Oman. Iran is to be boxed in from Pakistan and Turkey, with the Omani airfields at Seeb and Muscat, and the Dahran base in Saudi available in a pinch.

The American troops proposed for the Sinai bases which Israel must hand over to Egypt are, as General Haig said in Cairo, intended to sit and watch the skies. Once installed as observation posts, however, there will be nothing to prevent the Etzion Airfield from being used to stage swift deployments of American troops and equipment into Saudi Arabia. Some of the particularly pro-Israel officials just appointed to the White House and Pentagon have recommended basing American aircraft and troops in the Negev (Israeli territory) to act as a further deterrent to Arab air attack from the south.

The Egyptians clumsily tried to suggest during Haig's visit that the United States had requested a formal, written agreement covering the use of Ras Banas and other Egyptian facilities, and that they had refused. This fooled no-one. It is the Egyptians who want the Americans in, to provide security for Egyptian demands for American cash. In negotiations as tough as those in Cairo, American diplomacy is now only a matter of arranging to deliver calling cards before the gunboats arrive.



Haig: fond of muscular epithets

Patrick Wintour reveals Labour's election plan

Anyone for the Lords?

LABOUR PARTY leaders are close to dropping a plan to create by-elections to force the Social Democratic Party into an early test at the polls. The plan being discussed over the last month was for some older Labour MPs to be raised to the House of Lords as part of an Easter honours list. The need was to find constituencies that fitted three criteria: first that the constituency should not be involved in any problems (e.g. with the Militant Tendency) over who should be the new Labour candidate; second that the Liberals had no possibility of winning the seat and therefore would stand aside for the Social Democrats; and third that it was the kind of seat for which the Social Democrats would have to stand to maintain credibility. Three MPs were under active consideration for early retirement — Arthur Bottomley MP for Middlesbrough (Labour majority 11,400), Ifor Davies MP for Gower (Maj. 10,600) and Bob Mellish MP for Bermondsey (Maj. 11,800).

The most strongly favoured seat was Middlesbrough since both Bill Rodgers and Ian Wrigglesworth, two leading SDP defectors, are MPs in the area and Mr Wrigglesworth said specifically before his defection that he intended to stay in the area despite boundary changes.

In addition, Mr Bottomley had already announced that he was resigning at the end of the parliament and a replacement, Stuart Bell, had just been selected. Eric Varley, Alex Kitson, chairman of the party, and Jack Dormand, chairman of the northern group of MPs and a senior whip, had already been under pressure to bring the matter to Michael Foot's attention: it is understood that Tom Burlison, the powerful northern secretary of the GMWU, was in favour of the scheme.

The difficulty is that Mr Bottomley is still pursuing an active political career — and indeed at the moment is in Zimbabwe — and is not over-enamoured at the prospect of joining the Lords. Another problem is that Baroness Llewelyn-Davies, opposition chief whip in the House of Lords, wants younger recruits to the Lords to bolster her diminishing forces.

Though Bob Mellish is a little younger than Bottomley, Bermondsey Labour party is not exactly a happy family. Left and Right are locked in combat over delegates to the GMC; the Social Democratic Alliance and the Liberals are both active in the area; membership records are still in disarray and any newly selected candidate would probably be challenged in the courts by one faction or another, providing just the kind of launch pad the Social Democrats need. This view has been strongly communicated to Michael Foot. The third choice, Ifor Davies, has heard rumours of such a scheme but they are not true.

Foot: asked to tread carefully

With the Polish economy collapsing, the threat from Russia remains

The food runs out

ALTHOUGH a compromise of sorts has been struck between the Polish government and Solidarity there are signs that the authorities are responding to Soviet criticism in *Pravda* that the Party is too soft on dissidents. At the meeting which ended in the planned national strike being called off, deputy premier Rakowski refused to discuss some of the details of the incident in Bydgoszcz on 19 March when members of the Milicja beat up Solidarity supporters.

According to reports from Solidarity Rakowski — who is widely respected by both the party and Solidarity — was tense and nervous at the meeting. The Solidarity Central Committee asked why deputy premier Mach — who was present at the Bydgoszcz incident — did nothing to prevent the violence and questioned the responsibility of Bydgoszcz Milicja chief Kozdra for what happened. Rakowski is reported to have sworn, saying that if they insisted on discussing these things 'We are all likely to be beneath the ground tomorrow.' It is believed that Kozdra was prevented from resigning following the 19 March events by the first secretary of the local party.

Solidarity succeeded in some of its demands made at the meeting: the Bydgoszcz events are to be investigated by the Prosecutor's office in Warsaw, the legalisation of an independent peasants' union will be considered and Solidarity is to be given media time for their explanation of recent events.

But the Solidarity delegation split on the Party's refusal to grant an amnesty for political offenders during 1976-80. Solidarity's central committee accepted the agreement on a 25-6 vote with 4 abstentions and has given the government two weeks to form a mixed commission to begin investigating the 1976-80 prosecutions and punishments.

WITHIN THE party the 'hardheads' are asserting themselves. Three of them — including Olszowski and Grabski — are believed to have offered their resignations at the meeting of the Central Committee on 29 March, but had them refused. One committee member from Bydgoszcz — a delegate from the large Makrum factory — said that the official party's view of events there did not match those of the local activists and demanded that those party functionaries who had lost the electorate's trust be forced to account for their activities and be demoted from office. But he was attacked by the first secretary of the Bydgoszcz party who supported the hard-liner and absurdly criticised the Makrum delegate for speaking for his factory and not 'for himself'.

In Bydgoszcz itself, following the 19 March incident, the Katowice First Secretary, A. Zabinsky, is reported to have said, during a discussion with Milicja officers 'We'll soon finish Solidarity now'. Elsewhere in the province suspiciously well-printed posters, claiming Solidarity backing, have appeared accusing local Solidarity leaders of various 'crimes' — one is described as a 'bitch', another as a drunk and a third of being the son of a renowned police informant.

In Gdansk all food is now rationed and in the Silesian region to the south there is nothing in the shops except bread and tea. It is widely felt that both these areas are being punished for their militancy. But in Bydgoszcz Solidarity have fought back: the local food distribution agency has refused to supply the Milijca and town council canteens. The local chemical factory has refused to supply the Milicja with tear gas. Solidarity members have been given precise instructions for underground activity in the event of a state of emergency or invasion. Immediately before the planned national strike, around 2000 people in Bydgoszcz — many of them Solidarity activists — were called up into the Milicja reserve.

But there remain outspoken members of the party everywhere. The head of the journalists union has written an open letter accusing some members of the central committee of being against the democratisation process: this action is to be investigated by the party. In Torun the first secretary in the shipfitting factory was expelled for similar criticisms. But the party members in the factory refused to accept the expulsion. Some Solidarity members fear that the crisis has only been postponed for weeks, rather than months. The delaying of the party congress until possibly as late as July seems to be an attempt to avert the wrangling which will precipitate a Soviet intervention.

Gustaw Moszcz

Banks not tanks

THERE IS no doubt that if the indefinite general strike threatened for 31 March had taken place, then Poland's crisis would have come to a head. With food reserves for just over a week, rampant shortages, rationing and industrial collapse, the most likely official reaction to a general strike would have been a state of emergency, curfew, special government powers, a clampdown on the union, and army manning of power stations and essential services. Unpalatable as it is, this might have been widely accepted as a lesser evil than Soviet direct intervention — by everybody, from Western bankers to Solidarity members.

Although the immediate threat of direct Soviet intervention appears to have receded, Moscow must remain concerned about the prospect of secret ballot elections

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of delegates to the Ninth Congress, now due to take place before 20 July. Elections, between now and May, would give a strong chance of Party renewal; if this is what worries Warsaw Pact leaders, something will be done to prevent or preempt them. Procrastination, or legal wrangles like those on the registration of unions, can be expected. Stefan Olszowski is, after all, in charge of the Pre-Congress Committee. Soviet leaders cannot afford — or rather *think* they cannot, which is much the same — to hear Solidarity voices within the Party Congress, or take the chance of a Party defeat on a major issue; above all they fear the formation of factions. What might trigger off a domestic or Soviet drastic response is an imponderable — and therefore unpredictable — perception of Polish party evolution, rather than a new direct challenge by the Solidarity Union.

Although it is impressive that not a single shot has been fired in anger in Poland in the last eight months, it is appalling that such precious time should have been frittered away futilely. Many of the clauses of the Gdansk agreement were incompatible. There was no way the Poles could have had, at a stroke, price stability and a higher living standard (a three year maternity leave, retirement at 50 and 55, a shorter working week, strike on full pay, and so on). There was clearly room for non-economic concessions, but Solidarity was unwilling to trade them off for economic claims, and the Party was not ready to offer them in the first place. Today political options have been narrowed by friendly neighbours, while economic options are simply no longer there.

The state of supply is dramatic: over the last twelve months consumer goods are down, and incomes are up, by roughly 20 per cent — hence queues, panic buying, rations and the piling up of paper money in the hands of the population to a record level, up 94 per cent over the same period. Industry is disrupted by the lack of imported materials, strikes and planning collapse; investment has fallen 15% with respect to last year, and 49 large scale projects have been frozen; productivity and exports are down. Kania himself put Polish debt at $27 billion last month: almost as much as Bank of England total reserves. Against this background, the recent foundation of a Polish Consumers Federation is slightly incongruous.

The economic crisis has two important political implications. First, economic reforms in the presence of such internal and external imbalance are neither feasible nor desirable, and the introduction of self-management is unlikely — unless Polish workers are prepared to live with fast inflation. Second, even the most modest, overdue, economic demands on the part of Solidarity are in these circumstances extremely militant: the Silesian miners' idea, for example, that they should control nation-wide allocation of coal is clearly a romantic non-starter.

If Warsaw Pact countries do give Poland more time, a new and realistic Social Pact will be needed in a hurry. In this case, two factors may influence the Polish government and unions: the large dose of unemployment implicit in investment cuts and attempts at economic reform; and Western bankers seeking fresh assurances of belt tightening and better labour relations and attaching strings to their loans. Better to surrender to banks than tanks.

Mario Nuti

Professor Mario Nuti is a specialist of Polish economic affairs and Director of the Centre for Russian and East European Studies at the University of Birmingham.

Francis Wheen unearths a piece of press manipulation

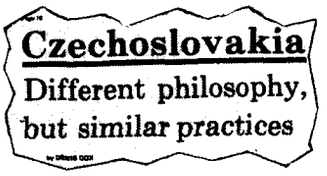
No interest declared

'IT IS difficult perhaps for the average individual in the UK to comprehend that the craft of journalism in Czechoslovakia is practised very much as it is here. This isn't so surprising given the slanted and often distorted coverage that the country gets in the UK press.'

A press release from the Czech embassy? Not quite. This quote comes from an article in the current issue of *Journalist,* the monthly paper of the National Union of Journalists. British journalists, that is. Moreover:

> The focus is always upon those few who disagree rather than the many thousands who go about their business — just the same as they do here, who feel no urge for a conflict with the authorities and, indeed, eat your heart out Peter Simple, actually agree with the system in which they work. In the present climate twixt East and West this statement will probably seem like an obscene utterance to some readers. It happens, however, to be an objective truth.

The article goes on to praise the party organ *Rude Pravo* ('it has a track record for courage') and the rest of the Czech press, which has 'none of the "Page 3 titillation"



and trivia which characterises so much of our media, but there is still plenty of interest in it'.

The author of the article is named as 'Denis Cox', but no further information is given about him. It turns out, however, that Mr Cox runs his own public relations firm in London, and that he looks after all industrial and commercial PR in Britain for the Czech government. He said this week that he had written the article because he felt the Czech regime 'is not as oppressive as people make out'.

Last weekend that same regime arrested another 35 leading members of Charter 77 and VONS (the Committee to Defend the Unjustly Prosecuted) in order that there shouldn't be any unseemly gestures of solidarity with Polish workers while Mr Brezhnev was in town. Czech leader Gustav Husak and the courageous *Rude Pravo* have, needless to say, expressed their unqualified support for Brezhnev's attack on the 'anti-socialist forces' which make up the Polish working class.

Gitta Sereny reports on the French right's curious allies

The Nazi record on trial

THREE PARIS TRIALS, revolving around the bizarre personality of Professor Robert Faurisson — and around his assertion that the Nazis were innocent of genocide — are likely to have profound effects upon European ideas about historical truth, and about the legitimacy of intellectual debate. And the

Chomsky: published erroneously

strangest feature of the Faurisson affair has scarcely been reported.

Faurisson and most of his admirers are figures of the right. But certain vital assistance comes from the Marxist left — and from people who are personally committed to anti-racism.

Faurisson's publisher, Pierre Guillaume, makes clear his personal belief that there were 'no gas chambers': his support for his author goes beyond the assertion that every viewpoint should have a platform. (Noam Chomsky has retired to the latter position. A friend of Guillaume's, he wrote a long letter in support of Faurisson: this Guillaume used, erroneously, as a preface to Faurisson's latest book, *Memoire en defense;* but Chomsky has dissociated himself from the version of history being defended.)

Guillaume, however, is a dedicated *gauchiste,* whose firm, La Vieille Taupe, is named after Marx's prediction that Europe will greet the revolution with a cry of: 'Well grubbed, old mole'. His wife is African, and their child would fare ill under the racial notions of the ultra-right.

Another intellectual supporter of Faurisson's cause — also a Guillaume author — is Serge Thion, who is an anti-apartheid campaigner with a solid left-wing record. Thion's wife is Jewish.

Part of the explanation for this conjunction lies in a desire by some left-wing theorists to establish capitalism, rather than Hitler's followers, as the true source of criminality.

FAURISSON'S TRIALS will begin on 29 May, on 25 June, and on another date still uncertain. The first two are libel actions, in the criminal courts, carrying a possible penalty of two years in jail. The third, civil action is a *procès d'honneur,* involving essentially symbolic damages of one franc.

All three are backed by LICRA (the International League Against Antisemitism and Racism), which unites seven organisations of concentration camp victims and wartime resistance fighters.

The first case is brought in the name of Leon Poliakov, a principal historian of Nazism, whom *Memoire en defense* calls 'a manipulator and even fabricator.' The second, under a 1972 racial libel law, originates in a 1980 broadcast during which Faurisson — formerly professor of literature at Lyons — accused the Jews of obtaining reparations by fraud.

Both are complex and explosive enough, and the French judiciary have clearly ensured that they will not be heard until after the general elections — in which Jewish voters, scandalised by recent anti-semitic incidents, could play a crucial role.

But the third, civil case presents the most formidable difficulties and could have the widest legal and historical repercussions. The 17-point accusation claims that Faurisson falsified history and showed lack of civic responsibility in his scholarly methods. In order to resolve the case, the court will have to undertake the remarkable task of deciding what is historically acceptable.

The buildings where so many millions died were destroyed by the murderers. The documents which exist — there are many — are inevitably open to misinterpretation and manipulation. Finally, the only real testimony is that given, in words or writing, by those who saw what happened.

So in the end, it is not the one man, Robert Faurisson, who will be on trial in France this year. It will be the integrity of all these witnesses to genocide — including some who were directly involved in Nazi crimes — and equally those who later reported their words. Also on trial will be those who wish, for an extraordinary mixture of political motives, to try to erase from modern history a truth which they find unbearable.

Gitta Sereny is the author of *Into That Darkness,* which recorded the confessions of Franz Stangl, commandant of the Sobibor and Treblinka death camps.

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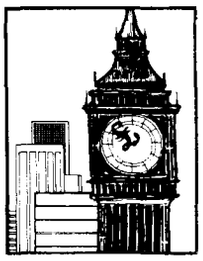


Peter Kellner and Gordon Reece*

How the Soc Dems may help Labour left

IN FEBRUARY 1974 the Liberals won six million votes — twenty per cent of all votes cast — yet secured just 14 seats in the House of Commons. It was the most forcible demonstration in recent times of the way small parties bash their heads against the brick wall of Britain's electoral system.

It is possible, even likely, that a similar fate will befall the Liberals and/or Social Democrats next time. But what if the Liberals and Social Democrats do form an alliance of some sort; and what if they retain a fair proportion of the support the polls currently give them — how will Britain's electoral system distribute prizes in a three-horse race? And will the electoral system itself retain public respect?

Normal calculations based on a simple two-party swing — the kind used to provide a rough translation from votes to seats during the past 35 years — will be useless. A more sophisticated kind of analysis, capable of gauging shifts of votes among three or more parties, is needed.

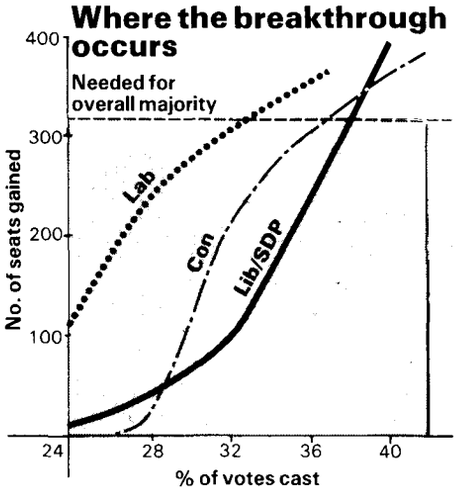
A model for doing this kind of analysis has been developed at Bristol University. Tested on the university computer, its translation of votes into seats worked well for each election from 1966 to October 1974; and on election night in May 1979 it predicted the final outcome to within five seats from the declaration of the third result. Its predictions, carried on Radio Bristol and BBC West, were closer to the final result than the national predictions carried by BBC-TV and ITN.

The chart shows the computer's calculations of what is likely to happen if Labour, Conservative, and a Lib/SDP alliance each obtained between 24 and 40 per cent of the votes cast. The main conclusions to emerge are:

- Labour has the lowest break-through point of the three parties. Even if its vote fell to 24 per cent, it would still keep around 100 seats in the Commons.
- Breakthrough point for the Tories comes at around 30 per cent. If its share falls much below that, it could end up with very few seats indeed — and below 24 per cent, only Ian Buchanan-Smith in Angus North could be optimistic about holding his seat.
- A Lib-SDP alliance would need at least 32 per cent of the vote to be certain of winning seats in large numbers. Below that, the alliance would come a close second in many seats, but win very few.

THE MAIN REASON why Labour has the easiest task of converting votes into seats is that its voters are geographically more concentrated than those of the other two parties. In a number of industrial areas in the north and west of Britain, Labour MPs often pile up large majorities. These majorities should cushion many of them against a three-party upheaval — especially as the Liberal vote last time was generally very low. (The Bristol model assumes that a Lib-SDP deal will build on the size of the Liberal vote in 1979.)

There are also many 'safe' Tory seats; but in most of these the Liberals came either second or a respectable third in 1979, so the rise of a Lib-SDP alliance is more of a threat. If, for example, both the Tory and Labour votes fell to 30 per cent, while a Lib-SDP alliance chalked up 37 per cent (in line with the 'unprompted' voting intention question in last week's Gallup Poll), most Tory ministers would be likely to lose their seats, including Margaret Thatcher, William Whitelaw, Sir Geoffrey Howe and Sir Keith Joseph — even though all of them have 'safe' seats.



Most leading Labour figures, on the other hand, would keep their seats. Indeed, Labour's representation in the Commons would actually rise to 285, while the Tories would be left with a rump of just 54. The Lib-SDP alliance, despite having a clear lead in votes over the other two parties, would have fewer MPs than Labour —272.

The Lib-SDP alliance, in fact, has the hardest job breaking through to win a substantial number of seats. The Bristol projection is consistent with all recent opinion poll evidence — that Lib-SDP support is evenly distributed by class and region, which is why it will be hardest for the alliance to break through to the sunnier climes of Westminster representation.

Perhaps the clearest illustration of the biases in the present electoral system can be seen if we suppose a tie in the number of votes obtained by all three parties — around 32 per cent each. (Three per cent is assumed to be taken by nationalist and fringe parties.) The Bristol model predicts the following outcome: Labour 311 seats, Conservatives 209, Lib-SDP alliance 89. Labour would be within a whisker of an overall majority, while the alliance would obtain only one-seventh of all seats.

THE WAY the Bristol team does its sums is to match the proportions of votes assumed to be lost by each of the two main parties to their performance in each constituency at the last election. Take the 32-32-32 case: as the Tories obtained 45 per cent of the GB vote last time, that implies they lose 13/45, or 29 per cent, of their support. Labour, which scored 38 per cent nationally, would lose 6/38, or 16 per cent. These proportions are applied to each seat, with the votes lost by Labour and the Tories being added to the 1979 Liberal score.

The chart shows the outcome of this analysis at different levels of support. The particular lines drawn assume, for each party, that the votes of the other two are equal. For example, if the Lib-SDP alliance has 28 per cent of the vote, it is assumed that the Labour and Conservative parties have 34½ per cent each.

Varying this assumption does not produce very different results for the Labour and Conservative parties, but it makes a fair difference to the Lib-SDP alliance. For any given alliance vote, the better Labour does, the more seats the alliance gains — chiefly because of the way extra Tory seats will fall into its lap.

If Labour leads the Tories by eight per cent, then the alliance needs just 29 per cent of the vote to reach one hundred seats. But if it is the other way round, and the Tories lead Labour by eight per cent (roughly the margin by which the Tories won in 1979), then the 100-seat mark is not reached until the alliance has 35 per cent.

It is, of course, easy to dismiss calculations such as these as fanciful speculations, involving unrealistic assumptions. They are, however, the best assumptions that anyone in the business has devised. The same kind of sums are being done at the shrine of British psephology, Nuffield College, Oxford. And calculations done on a slightly different basis by Matthew Oakeshott for the pro-SDP 'Radical Centre for Democratic Studies' have come up with similar results.†

For each party there are sobering conclusions to be drawn. For Labour it is: don't panic about the rise of a third major party, but do make sure that Labour's support keeps on the right side of 32 per cent if a Lib-SDP alliance sets down roots.

For the Conservatives the message is: the arrival of the SDP is potentially very worrying. If it can be contained to a rump of left-of-centre voters who can split the progressive vote, all well and good — but if it takes enough general support to push the Tories below the 30 per cent mark, Tory representation in the Commons could be devastated.

And for the Liberals and SDP: the electoral hurdles are even greater than you think. And if you just fail to make a breakthrough in Commons seats, you may end up not having defeated the Labour left, but propelling it to power.

*Dr Reece is a lecturer in the Department of Engineering Mathematics at Bristol University.

†*The Road from Limehouse to Westminster*, available from 46 Bath Road, London W4.

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UNAUTHORISED HISTORY

Dangers of the nuclear convoys

FOR THREE DECADES and more, British foreign policy and military practice — even industrial organisation — has been bound up with the deployment of nuclear weapons. Proposed first as guarantees against Doomsday, British nuclear devices are now adapted for almost every level of land, sea or air war. No serious international conflict could avoid the use of thousands of nuclear weapons held by British forces, or based in Britain.

This huge programme has developed, not merely in secret, but under cover of an official mythology which employs every tactic from D-notice auto-censorship to downright lying. As Lord Zuckerman and other distinguished figures have acknowledged, the military-nuclear system has escaped from any real political control: prima-facie, the reason is secrecy, which allows 'debate' only after decisions have in fact been taken.

This series begins the task of providing a real history and anatomy of Britain's nuclear 'deterrent' and its outgrowths. First, DUNCAN CAMPBELL reveals that 'The Bomb' is no single, isolated device: but a complex system of dangerous machinery constantly on the move through Britain's cities.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS, like most other freight, travel by British Rail at dead of night: marshalled from siding to siding under the care of a BR computer called TOPS. On 12 March, one such shipment arrived at Clapham Junction in south London, at 3am. Two hours later, it reached the naval dockyard at Chatham, where nuclear submarines and a minor NATO fleet had put in.

By the time this story is published, another train with nuclear weaponry aboard is likely to have pulled out of Chatham and made its way north through central London.

We have obtained precise details of last month's shipment — in 'Special Traffic Notice No 86' — and other particulars of the nuclear-weapons traffic which ramifies in secret across much of urban Britain. In the elevated debate over strategic capacity, it is often forgotten that well over a thousand nuclear 'devices' now exist in Britain's own home-made arsenal.

'The Bomb' often figures in imagination as a large, inert object safely stored in some remote silo. In reality, it is a highly complex industrial system, processing and re-processing intensely dangerous materials: constant servicing and modification is required to keep the weaponry ready to fire.

This system has grown up over 30 years, practically without public audit. According to ex-military officers, the manner of shifting nuclear weapons around the country follows long-established practice, with no attempt made to route trains or road-convoys away from population-centres.

To secrecy is added a mythology of safety. The Ministry of Defence has repeatedly stated that there 'has never been any accident' to nuclear weapons stored in Britain. That statement, as we show later, is probably untrue in at least one case of which the MoD must be aware. But it is also generally implausible, for official admissions — extracted with difficulty — in the United States show that the US nuclear weapons system has generated at least 27 major accidents involving nuclear material.

We have, and will quote, examples of the official lies which have been readied *in advance* to restore public confidence in the event of a nuclear accident being discovered: they make an interesting contrast with the rather more realistic manuals used by the military themselves. But the central point to note is that, on present policies, the size, complexity and intrinsic danger of Britain's military-nuclear system is growing steadily.

TRAINS like that in Special Freight Notice 86 traverse London every couple of months, according to BR staff: another, for instance, passed on 26 February. Their configuration is unique, usually containing just three pieces of stock.

Two, called BSKs, resemble ordinary coaches, with seats and luggage space. But the records held in the TOPS* computer identify both vehicles in the 12 March train — numbers 99150 and 99151 — as 'Army Personnel Carriers'. They have an 'observation saloon' from which to watch sensitive cargo, and five sleeping-berths in the luggage-space.

In these two coaches travel the Escort Team, of up to a dozen MoD, military or RAF police armed with 9mm Browning automatics in shoulder holsters.

The 90-foot 'special vehicle' runs on two large bogeys, and weighs more than 100 tons: one of an exclusive series owned by the MoD. None of the public lists used by train-spotters include the number on the 12 March vehicle, 95780. But on the TOPS record this is described as a 'Missile Carrier', and has an even more exotic companion, 95781, identified as a 'Mobile Rocket Launcher'.

Three others, 95784-5-6, are listed as 'on loan to a foreign entity', which is obviously the United States. (Many US nuclear sites have BR sidings.)

In recent years, trains containing this Missile Carrier and its companions have travelled between points as far afield as the Windscale reprocessing centre, and naval dockyards at Rosyth, Chatham and Devonport, and Fort William in the Scottish Highlands (first major station up the line from the Clyde submarine base).

The MoD is responsible for all movement of 'special nuclear materials': weapons and components are in heavily-shielded containers and are crane loaded onto the carrier. Sometimes, such shipments deal with waste from the reactors of nuclear-powered submarines. But this differs little from civil-reactor waste, which is shipped regularly in substantial quantities without armed escort.

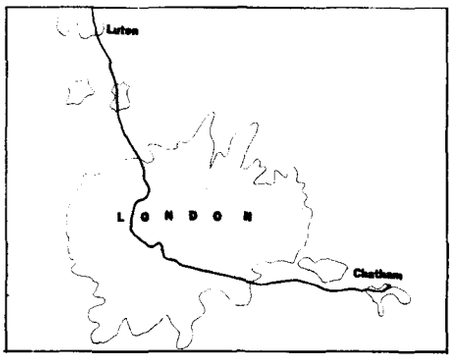
SPECIAL TRAFFIC NOTICE 86, which was issued by BR Southern Region, suggests that the Rosyth-Chatham train was left in the Cricklewood goods depot for some time in the small hours of 12 March, finally travelling on through Kew, Clapham, Streatham, Bromley and other Kent towns. It was coded 6X29.

Two weeks earlier, 6X04 took special nuclear material from Chatham to Windscale in Cumbria. There, the UK Atomic Energy Authority still controls a small, very secret Plutonium Recovery Facility for military use. This produces plutonium for new weapons, and purifies the material in existing bombs: requiring a constant traffic in bombs and components.

Most goes by rail, though there are also road and sea shipments. There is, for instance, an established Chatham-Windscale route via London, Luton, Bedford, Leicester, Chesterfield and Rotherham. So far, there has been no equivalent of the widespread public concern over the much less hazardous business of shipping civil nuclear waste — but the reason is simple. Whitehall classifies all such movements as SECRET or above, and refuses to discuss them.

Road-borne nuclear 'devices' travel by equally well-established routine. 'Civilianisation', in order to produce a low profile, is the keynote, according to ex-servicemen.

Nuclear warheads and 'special nuclear materials' travelling to and from the Chatham base take the shortest railway route through central and suburban London. Right: the Special Freight notice refers obliquely to the cargo as a 'loaded radioactive flask'.



Additional research by Nick Anning, Mike Ricks and Evan Wylie.

*Total Operational Planning System.

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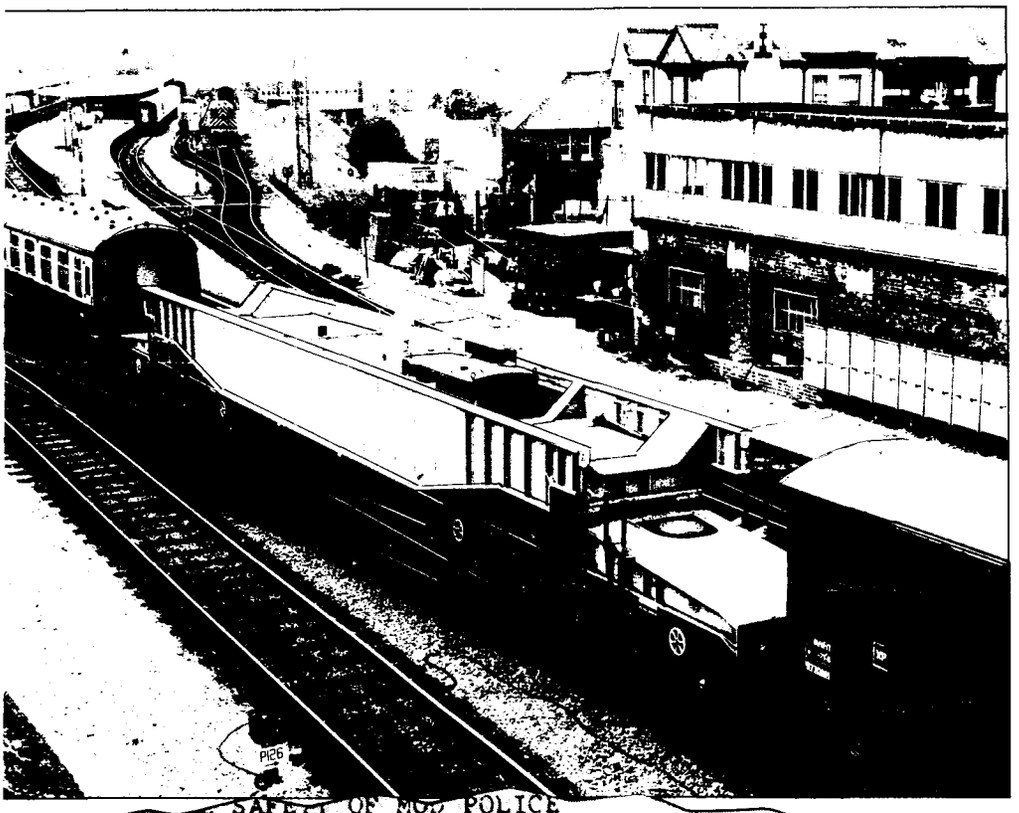

SAFETY OF MOD POLICE

1. MOD Police travelling in the Observation Saloon must en route (ie for Meals, change of shift etc), until t

FREIGHT TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS
EXCEPTIONAL LOAD

FROM ROSYTH to CHATHAM DOCKYARD via Kew East, Clapham Jn, Nunhead, Hither Green and Swanley.

DESCRIPTION Rolls-Royce Vehicle No MODA 95780 conveying loaded Radio-Active flask, accompanied by 2 BSK coaches Nos 99150 and 99151 with escorting MOD officials

One of the Ministry of Defence's 'special vehicles' for carrying nuclear weapons. This one, No 95780, a missile Carrier, was built by Rolls Royce. It is currently at Chatham (redrawn on poor-quality photograph). Inset: extract from the special traffic notice issued to warn rail staff.

Conventional ammunition convoys consist of many trucks, with conspicuous police escort: three or four 'nukes', though, can travel in one truck.

The MoD has special vehicles for the job, carrying civil-style registration, and painted in bland colours. Two saloon cars, perhaps Hillman Hunters, will travel before and behind a Bedford or Ford truck; ex-military observers have recognised the formation in Dover, Felixstowe, Manchester and elsewhere, but civilian eyes will normally notice nothing — although some sources state that in any week several such convoys will pass between the dozens of bases which have Special Storage Areas (SSAs) for nuclear weapons.

Normally, RAF Hercules aircraft are used for air-movement of British nuclear weapons. During the 1960s there were weapons in Singapore, Malaya, Aden and Cyprus. But now the traffic chiefly consists in replacement and refurbishment of German-based 'devices'.

AS OFTEN, much crucial information about our own situation has to be developed by inference from the less-secretive society of the United States. But even there, official discourse on nuclear-weapons practice has been less than frank, and less than reliable.

In 1976, the US Department of Defence told Sen. Daniel Inouye that there had been 97 nuclear weapons accidents or incidents up to then: roughly one *every three months* during the nuclear-stockpile's lifetime.

Against this the British Government's bland claims to perfection are less than credible. This week, Robin Cook MP asked for details of accidents to nuclear weapons held by British forces, and circumstances which had led to risk of accident. He was told:

> No accidents have occurred involving damage to nuclear weapons held by British forces and because of the stringent safety precautions which are taken at all times the risk of such damage is minimal.

An even bolder statement has been handed to the general public. In its Cruise Missile brochure, sown especially thickly around the proposed base-areas at Molesworth and Greenham Common, the Ministry of Defence ask rhetorically:

> Are Nuclear Weapons safe? What happens if there is an accident? — Nuclear weapons have been stored in this country for many years. There has never been any accident or leakage.

This lie, issued in July 1980, is readily exposed. The Pentagon has just issued an — obviously incomplete — list of nuclear-weapons accidents, which includes the case of a B-47 nuclear bomber which crashed on 26 July 1956 directly onto the nuclear-bomb store at RAF Lakenheath, hitting

> . . . a storage igloo containing several nuclear weapons. The bombs did not burn or detonate.*

Although there was no nuclear explosion, the weapons — reportedly, Mark 6 atomic bombs — were badly damaged. The definition used by the US Army says an accident is

> . . . any unplanned occurrence involving damage, loss or destruction of, or serious damage to nuclear weapons or their pertinent components . . . which results in an actual or potential hazard to life or property. (Army Regulation AR360-43, 1972)

Those present at Lakenheath on the day were in little doubt about the existence of such hazards. As British fire engines arrived to assist base fore teams, they passed a convoy of US women and children being rapidly evacuated.

The US fire chief was clearly in no doubt about the potential risks. The aircraft's fuel had spilled onto the 'igloo', and he directed foam-spraying units to concentrate wholly upon the weapon-store, allowing the crew inside the nearby aircraft to be sacrificed. According to original US reports, all three bombs in the igloo were damaged, and this is not denied in the Pentagon's latest version.

When I visited Lakenheath last week, the nuclear-weapon store was still in the same position, a few yards from the NE-SW runway. It still stores weapons for F-111 nuclear bombers parked nearby, and it is considerably closer to Lakenheath village than it is to the military housing south of the airfield.

A GUIDE to official behaviour can be found in the fact that at the time the accident occurred the US, with British collusion, was still denying that there were *any* nuclear weapons in Britain. Even today, frankness is not the rule, and US Army regulations state:

> Normally the presence of nuclear weapons '. . . will be neither confirmed nor denied . . . However in the event of a serious accident involving a nuclear weapon official confirmation may be made when it will have value for public safety or for reducing or preventing widespread public alarm . . .'

Noting that radiation teams might be seen arriving, or military evacuation noted, the regulations suggest 'an official statement of reassurance'. The US has four codes for 'unplanned occurrences', ranging from minor (BLUNT SWORD) to serious 'incidents' and 'accidents' (BENT SPEAR and BROKEN ARROW).

Most Broken Arrow accidents have involved destruction or detonation of the conventional explosives which have to fire extremely precisely to achieve a full-yield nuclear detonation. Such accidents generally will only spread radioactive components around — but this is no minor problem. After the late-sixties B-52 crashes in Greenland and Spain, each involving four large hydrogen bombs, thousands of tons of soil had to be removed in the clear-up. According to our MoD, an accidental nuclear explosion is 'virtually impossible', but the

*Although the US report does not indentify Lakenheath, publicly-available information makes the correlation indisputable.

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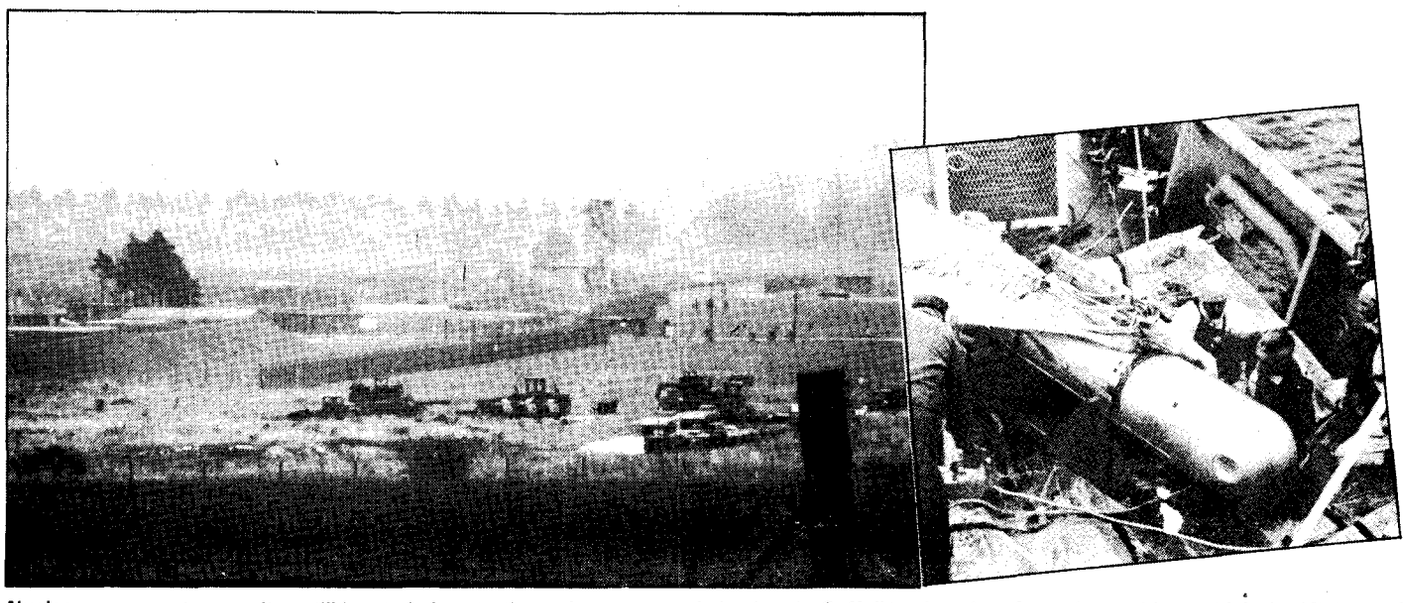

Nuclear-weapon storage sites still located close to the main runway at Lakenheath, Suffolk — in spite of a major accident which the Ministry of Defence says never occurred. Right: H-bomb from B-52 recovered after 1964 accident of Palomares, Spain

official US manual, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons*, is less dogmatic:

> There is always a possibility that . . . an explosion will take place inadvertently.

And in 1961, a 24-megaton explosion nearly occurred in North Carolina: a bomb was jettisoned from a B-52, and when it reached the ground five out of six safety interlocks had gone off, leaving one switch to prevent detonation.

BRITISH BOMB DISPOSAL teams exercise annually at Larkhill on Salisbury Plain, on ground 'sown' with radioactive tablets. Since they wear radiation-suits during this rehearsal for an event officials considered 'virtually impossible', the exercises are conducted out of public view.

Nor is there much doubt that 'unplanned occurrences' have taken place. The Clyde submarine base operates both British and American nuclear vessels, and in 1974 the commander and another officer of HMS *Renown* were accused of hazarding their ship: shortly after, it was revealed that previously a commander had been secretly reprimanded because of a collision between a Polaris submarine and a surface ship.

During the 1974 court-martial, the Navy evaded the legal requirement that one-day's notice must be given in a public place. All relevant RN press-officers from Rosyth went on leave shortly before the proceedings, which were kept secret because information disclosed 'might be useful to an enemy'.

And indeed official lies have been readied in case the 'virtually impossible' occurs. We have obtained Section 8, Volume 15 of the Clyde Submarine Base operations manual, which contains the draft of an announcement to be made by the BBC, Scottish TV and local radio stations:

> We have been asked to make the following urgent announcement. There has been a *slight* accident in the Atomic Reactor of a Nuclear Submarine which is at present resulting in a *small* release of radioactive products. There is *no possibility* of an atomic explosion. A *few* people may be asked by Police to move *for a short time* on the advice of health experts who are *already at work*. There is *no danger* to the general public, but the following precautions are necessary and must be taken in the vicinity of the incident to ensure that no harm is suffered (emphasis added).

The announcement then instructs people to eat no uncovered food or drink, and not to smoke or consume anything that has not been kept in a sealed container. A list of all dairy farms within 5½ miles of the Clyde is kept in order that all milk can be destroyed. But the base's own internal estimate of the consequences of a reactor-accident inside a ship which could be loaded with nuclear warheads is less emollient:

> The submarine will be converted into a source of radiation but initially only gamma radiation would be able to penetrate the bulkheads. As the heat and pressure in the submarine increase, volatile and gaseous fission products are forced out and released to the atmosphere. This cloud of fission products will pour downwind from the submarine . . . airborne radioactivity may spread over large areas and contaminate food and water supplies in addition to crops . . . children should be given priority in any evacuation scheme.

The manual's 'Clyde Area Public Safety Scheme' also describes, rather charmingly, the 'responsibilities' of the Local Liaison Committee of municipal officials:

> The Local Liaison Committee is to *reassure local opinion* on the hazards following a release of radioactivity from a reactor accident on a nuclear-powered submarine (emphasis ours).

Not, in short, a means of ensuring public safety, but rather a device to conceal the truth should an incident become public. The existence of such prepared positions must cast additional doubt upon the bland statements which assert, implicitly, that Britain's nuclear-military system has been technically altogether superior to the American one on which it is largely based.

ALTHOUGH, as we said, the history of the system has been almost entirely secret, it is possible to establish that there have been numerous crashes of aircraft whose chief role has been carrying of nuclear weapons. Even an incomplete list makes disturbing reading:

> 17 Vulcan bombers (13 in the UK); 10 Valiant and Victor bombers (all UK); 28 Phantom bombers (16 UK, US & RAF aircraft); 16 Buccaneers (7 UK); 16 F-111 (15 UK: all US); 4 Washington bombers (3 UK); 16 F-100s (13 UK; all US).

This already adds up to more than 100 crashes. And one Buccanneer crash, for instance, is of special interest. On 13 August 1977 an aircraft from Laarbruch flew to Machranish in Argyllshire and crashed on its return: although not a normal Buccanneer station, Machranish is a major nuclear-weapons store for the RAF and US Navy.

And, because of the steadily-increasing nuclearisation of the British forces — a phenomenon for investigation later in this series — aircraft other than nuclear-strike machines routinely carry nuclear devices. For instance, the designed payload of a Nimrod maritime-reconnaissance aircraft includes two Mk 11 British-made nuclear depth-bombs, and according to engineers familiar with Nimrod operating requirements, the weapons are carried on every long-range patrol, including training missions.

One such aircraft crashed last November at RAF Kinloss, near Inverness, with nuclear depth-bombs on board. Although the MoD claimed that the aircraft was unarmed, TV cameramen filmed signs posted around the crash site which warned that it was armed — and, as is customary, press photographers were kept away from the site for a considerable period.

The Pentagon's list of accidents, let alone the MoD's, is incomplete, which it attributes to 'differences of record-keeping among the services'. (To take one spectacular example of something likely to be an unlisted 'Broken Arrow': in May 1964, an F101 from Bentwaters in Suffolk suddenly crashed in Argyllshire. Although it was an obsolescent aircraft, a huge 8-day search operation was mounted, involving 24 aircraft and 4 helicopters.)

Briefly, the motto of the system is: if you haven't found out, we aren't going to tell you, and if we can't keep everything dark, we certainly shan't tell you the truth.

NEXT: How to spot your local nuclear-weapons store; plus a portrait-gallery of nukes.

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SPAIN

The coup that succeeded

With token sentences expected for February's conspirators, policies are being reshaped to please the military. JULIE FLINT reports from Madrid.

SPAIN'S ATTEMPTED military coup failed in its maximum aim of overthrowing the government. But it is scoring considerable successes in its minimum aim of changing Spain's political drift. Everyone now knows for a certainty that rebellion will always be possible while conspirators remain in the armed forces with unconvinced democrats at their head.

The problem facing Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo is basically a long-term one: Spain's armed forces, like the extremist rebels of 23 February, are not democratic. After the 1936-39 war, anti-Franco officers were removed from the military and almost 11,000 Francoists were incorporated as professional soldiers. The armed forces inherited by post-Franco Spain were brought up on defending the unity of Spain and a strongly Catholic society, with Franco's fascist ideology as their bible. A coup mentality is the rule today, not the exception.

In the immediate aftermath of the attempted coup, the government acted energetically. Authorities arrested four generals, including Deputy Chief of Staff Maj. Gen. Alfonso Armada. (It was Armada who urged King Juan Carlos to accept a military-civilian government bringing in socialist leader Felipe Gonzalez.) Also arrested were 24 civil guard and army officers, including Lt Col. Antonio Tejero, who led the storming of parliament and then protested, when his telephone lines were cut, 'this is undemocratic'.

The optimism created by these arrests was short-lived. First, more than 220 of the 288 civil guards who stormed parliament were released on the grounds that they did not know what they were doing. Then the general investigating the coup's extent in Madrid announced he had finished his job within a month. Three of the four generals were charged with military rebellion but only one civilian was thrown in jail, leaving scores of others, including the banker who financed the coup, free to go on plotting.

THERE ARE many indications that the coup attempt was wider than is officially acknowledged. The government has yet to deny the authenticity, for example, of a published letter dated 12 February from the captain general of the Burgos region, which controls the Basque provinces, asking that separatist leaders be detained on 23 February. 'As previously instructed', the letter says, 'the slightest popular insurrection will not be tolerated. In the face of local resistance, use total arms of war, without consideration'.

The letter opens a can of worms: how many of Spain's all-important 11 captains general knew of the coup attempt? And what did they do about it?

And then there is the curious affair of the tourist magazine *Spic* — a one-person job always mailed with stamps of Gen. Francisco Franco — which included a small item in February saying: 'It is not true I am going to stage a coup on the afternoon of 23 February. And besides, I don't know.'

Amateur enthusiasts examining the bizarre magazine for the Socialist Party found a coded message in the pre-coup issue wishing 'Good luck on the 23rd' to the now-arrested generals and several others including Pedro Fontenla, a head of the civil guard fired last year for questioning the authority of parliament and then given a captain generalship last month.

At a private dinner shortly after the coup, one of Fontenla's newly appointed aides refused to join other guests in a toast to the democratic constitution, saying: 'I don't drink to the constitution.' It's a fair guess that his boss, who recommended him for the job, doesn't either.

WITH COURT MARTIALS expected by June this year, few Spaniards think the plotters, with the possible exception of Tejero who went round the world on television, will get heavy sentences from a tribunal of their peers. Even if the sentences are more than token, there is growing concern that pardons may be granted, following tradition, when Pope John Paul II visits Spain in October.

The extreme right is certainly thinking along these lines. Lt Gen. Jaime Milans Del Bosch, a captain general charged with military rebellion after he declared a state of emergency in Valencia, has told friends he will refuse to accept a pardon if it balances the generals against a small group of Basque guerrillas who called a cease-fire after the coup.

One newspaper editor says in private: 'A strong government would get the visit stopped.' Left-wing intellectuals are planning a campaign against the visit.

In a rare newspaper interview, Milans Del Bosch once said the armed forces' main concern was 'the deterioration of authority'. In many ways, Calvo Sotelo is re-establishing the authority his predecessor Adolfo Suarez increasingly lost during almost five years of secretive, isolated government. He attends funerals in the Basque country, something Suarez never did. He interests himself personally in problems that the military would rather ignore, such as unemployment, and holds press conferences, which Suarez seldom did.

On the other hand, Calvo Sotelo is treading a dangerous path by leading Spain toward positions welcomed by the military, permitting extremists to think he can be pressured. In this, the Prime Minister has the full, frightened support of the Commun-

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ists and Socialists, who appear to forget how a 'consensus' with Suarez damaged their credibility with voters.

THE PRICE of the opposition's silence seems to include an agreement to shelve for the moment the question of Spanish entry into NATO, opposed by the Left and viewed ambivalently by the military. (Although the navy has long followed NATO lines and the air force is in part US-trained, the army, both technically and professionally, falls far behind its NATO counterparts.)

With next to no opposition from the opposition, the government is sending troops into the Basque country and rewriting Spain's electoral law to weaken regional parties. It has introduced a 'law to defend the constitution' that threatens to do the very opposite and has appointed a controversial Francoist policeman, Manuel Ballesteros, to head a civilian-military anti-terrorist command. Regional leaders say a law to 'harmonise' home rule will reduce it.

The decision to use crack army units against the separatist ETA guerrillas is causing enormous concern. Although the government says the troops are there only to seal the border against guerrillas who live in France, the task is an impossible one among a people who boast they can move thousands across the border undetected in a single night. History shows it is unlikely that the army, a new target for ETA in its own back yard, will be disengaged by year-end as the government claims. And even if it is, the price in terms of the loss of moderate Basque opinion will be immense.

The ill-named 'law to defend the constitution' is causing no less concern, most notably for the blank cheque it gives the government to close down newspapers or other media that are deemed to attack the constitution or stir up the military.

If approved by the Senate — and the Socialists, clearly shaken by the outcry against the law, are now considering amending it in the upper house — the law would enable the government to close both the Basque daily *Egin,* whose support for ETA outrages the military, and the Francoist daily *El Alcazar.*

El Alcazar, the newspaper read in Spanish barracks, played a big part in the attempted coup. After a series of articles urging rebellion it printed, on 22 February, a front-page photograph of parliament with the words: 'Everything ready for Monday's action.' As Tejero held parliament, a score of bully boys from the Nazi-styled Falange Party marched to the newspaper to 'protect' it. But shutting down *El Alcazar* (and opening the door for a different regime to shut down other papers) will not stop another coup if it is coming.

A vicious propaganda campaign aimed primarily against King Juan Carlos is already under way in barracks, urging 'patriots' to follow their colonels, not the 'old generals', and writing the King off as 'the unmentionable, a useless fool, a womaniser, a wastrel and a traitor'.

Most people now feel there will not be a second coup attempt before general elections in 1983. But unless military commands are well shuffled, and there is no indication they will be, a major terrorist strike from the left or from the right could always make the armed forces revert to their old role of Spain's saviour from itself. □

Lord Denning. From draper's son to Master of the Rolls.

Born two months early into the little Hampshire community of Whitchurch, Lord Denning – now the Grand Old Man of British justice – was so weak he almost died.

But thanks to a neighbour who wrapped him in blankets and gave him brandy, he lived.

The son of a draper, he was one of six children. In spite of his humble origins, he won a place at Grammar School and then a scholarship to Magdalen College Oxford, where he was finally awarded a First in mathematics.

Now Lord Denning has written his own story. In it he tells of his remarkable family, and his own dramatic rise from obscurity.

Read how the draper's son took silk and went on to become Master of the Rolls, in this week's Sunday Telegraph.

Sunday Telegraph

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LABOUR & THE PRESS

No to the national daily

The TUC is to spend £40,000 on a study to examine the possibility of starting a new labour daily. CHARLES LANDRY argues that the money could be better spent in the local press.

THE TUC's feasibility study into a new labour daily newspaper will be carried out by Lord McCarthy, fellow of Nuffield College and an industrial relations expert, with assistance from an advisory group heavily weighted towards the International Publishing Corporation (IPC). Its members are Geoffrey Goodman, Assistant Editor of the *Daily Mirror,* Percy Roberts, ex-chairman of the Mirror Group, William McClelland, former IPC marketing director and John Dixey, production director of the *Guardian.*

The study is projected to take six to nine months, and according to Len Murray it will be 'hardheaded, objective and hardnosed', with most of the £40,000 budget being spent on market research. If the group gives the go ahead, the new paper could be launched sometime in 1982.

Ever since the demise of a strong national labour movement press in the early sixties with the collapse of the *Daily Herald, Reynolds News* and *Sunday Citizen,* there have been hankerings for a substitute to counteract the bias against trade union activities. The driving forces behind this idea have been national union leaders such as Sogat's Bill Keys, Moss Evans and David Basnett. They have now persuaded the TUC to take positive action but the project has been conceived without any reference to developments and alternative opportunities within the press as a whole.

FOR A START the study is limiting itself to the national press, which is economically the trickiest market to enter. Over half the existing dailies make a loss, as do five of the seven Sundays, their existence buttressed by being part of larger conglomerate businesses. With advertising revenue beginning to fall, and the challenge from the new TV Channel 4 still to come next year, the new national daily may be entering an overcrowded advertising market. In addition, launch costs and losses in the first year are likely to amount to at least £10 million (the weekly *Now!* spent £7 million on its launch in 1979/80).

Although a study by the marketing magazine ADMAP in 1979 suggested a labour daily could be launched on less than £1 million its conclusions seemed deliberately designed to sink any project which followed their advice. It included negligible promotion costs, made press history by assuming profitability at the end of the first year, used exclusively bought-in agency copy, and employed 'competent copy typists' to do computerized photosetting on mean wages.

The study did, however, deal with one central problem: the use of new print technology in the composing room. With current technology and wages rates it would be commercial suicide to launch a daily in Fleet Street. The unions are understandably reluctant to vote themselves out of a job, but to keep costs under control the labour daily will have to be printed outside London, perhaps in Birmingham or Manchester, using photocomposition rather than 'hot metal' typesetting — where lines of print are cast in lead on Linotype machines. Facsimile reproduction to regional centres is also forecast, thereby reducing distribution costs.

Even if the TUC is able to raise the colossal finance needed for a new daily from the unions, questions follow about legal structure and editorial policy. Would an independent trust be strong enough to resist the pressure of becoming merely a mouthpiece of TUC policy, as happened with the *Daily Herald*? A paper under the control of the TUC would clearly not appeal to enough readers — perhaps as many as the *Daily Mail* or *Express* — to pay its way. For example, while the Communist Party has given the *Morning Star* strength by supporting its numerous appeals for survival, the identification with party policy has restricted its mass appeal: circulation in Britain now stands at 19,000 from a high point of over 100,000 in the forties.

Furthermore, to save money the new paper will probably have to rely on Britain's existing newsgathering structure. This would include dependence on the Press Association and the stringer network for basic news items. So while its interpretation of the news may be different the selection itself will have been geared to the established press. The new paper may well have a few specialised correspondents but the major distinction between it and other national dailies would merely be the opinion.

THE REVIVAL of the labour press needs to combine local, regional and national initiatives with magazine publishing, with each part reinforcing the other in its development. By concentrating solely on the national paper — desirable as its arrival may be — there is a danger of placing all the resources of the labour movement into one huge, expensive experiment that could easily fail. And if it does, opportunities will be lost for years if not decades. The economics of the newspaper market suggest the following strategy for the labour movement.

First, there should be experiments with weekly, local or regional papers. These are cheaper and more likely to succeed if the area is correctly chosen. Even if they fail they have at least provided a testing ground for left-wing journalism. In the longer term it is from these bases that the 'new journalists' could supply the labour daily with news unfettered by past preconceptions about what news is and where to get it.

Greater Manchester, for example, would be a good test area. The daily *Manchester Evening News* has difficulty in making its coverage relevant to the outlying areas, where already two flourishing radical monthlies exist: *Rochdale's Alternative Press* and Bury's *Metro News. RAP,* with a circulation of 7,500, is written in a snappy readable style and has a tight, professional organization and impressive information resources on the town. The files include 3,000 microfiched records from Companies House on all Rochdale's limited companies and a card index of 4,000 of Rochdale's bourgeoisie. The small losses over the years have been financed by their allied printing press. For a year they have been looking for up to £40,000 to go weekly. The money is needed for new premises, printing machinery and three months' salary for the six employees. With sales of 10,000, a 20p cover price and some advertising the company could survive, as the printing press can, if necessary, subsidise the newspaper.

If *RAP* went weekly, *Metro News* could follow suit. Savings could be made by sharing costs on larger investigations, building up joint information resources and slip editions. Importantly, together they would become attractive to advertisers, with a joint circulation of upwards of 20,000. As an added bonus, just 12 miles away is the revised *Tameside Eye,* which, modelled on *RAP,* is becoming increasingly successful. Only Oldham now lies between Tameside's coverage area and Rochdale, and if a group were to start there the sales potential for this radical group of weeklies would be over 40,000. All that is needed for *RAP* to start this ball rolling is roughly £20,000 (they already have promises of money and loans), half the price of a national feasibility study.

With the track record of those involved — *RAP* has been in regular production for nine years and *Metro News* for over five — and they know their localities and markets — the risks are low. The gains if the project succeeds are immense; a chain effect would be

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set in motion with Birmingham and Bristol perhaps next in line. The creation of this radical regional press could then prove that good politics isn't always equal to self-exploitation and restricted readerships.

IN WALES, where *Rebecca* has spawned one of the most successful experiments in radical investigative journalism, another important opportunity will be overlooked if the TUC concerns itself only with a national labour daily. *Rebecca* ('the champion of ordinary people') has, in eight years, produced only 11 issues and seven corruption supplements, which 'chronicled the extent to which patronage, nepotism and corruption were sapping the vitality of Welsh political life'. Formerly run on a shoestring and voluntary labour, the magazine is going monthly from September and needs £40,000 to pay for the initial launch and to guarantee the first year's operation. With 10 employees on lowish wages they hope to break even on a circulation target of 15,000. Given proper distribution — and even Smiths and Menzies are beginning to open up — the figure should be in easy reach. The latest issue sold 9,000 with restricted distribution outlets and although direct comparison is slightly misleading, on an issue for issue basis they outsell every other current affairs magazine circulating in Wales. *Now!* sells less than 4,000, *Private Eye* 1,800 and the *New Statesman* 1,200.

By the launch date *Rebecca* hopes to have gifts, loans and offers of help worth £20,000 — most of which will be invested in producing high quality editorial; and that will make the magazine essential reading for friends and foes alike. Since it will be the only magazine covering the whole of Wales the competition is weak. Paddy French, its editor, is not worried about advertisers: 'If we can run for a year without their support, we can devote our energies to increasing circulation, and the advertisers will then willingly follow.'

Those are just two examples of papers already in existence and hovering on a breakthrough. There are several areas of the country where readership enthusiasm for existing papers is weak and where free-sheet competition has undermined advertising income. In these localities a weekend, radical, labour-oriented paper has great potential. With larger investment in editorial — the competition is usually dull and uninspiring — comprehensive shopping guides and a concentration on classified ads papers could be launched with cover prices of between 20-30p.

The TUC could probably get a hundred weeklies for the £10 million a national daily would cost. Every major town in Britain could have a paper sympathetic to the labour movement, with immeasurable impact and acting as a breeding ground for a new journalism and a new readership ready for a labour daily to follow later. Of course, the challenge for the TUC in spreading the risk is that it also dilutes its influence over the editorial policy of papers which may, on occasion, be embarrassing to the General Council.

Charles Landry is a member of the Minority Press Group which has studied the local press and magazine distribution in Britain and France. He was one of the founder members of the Publications Distribution Co-op.

Diary

ANNA COOTE

■ I must share with you a tale of civic fortitude and tact which deserves, I think, a moment in the limelight before it wraps fish with the rest of last week's news. The city of Dundee has suffered more than some in these difficult times, with the local jute trade near to death and unemployment at 15 per cent. Yet it has not retreated into isolationism. On the contrary, it has set out in the midst of its troubles to find a foreign town with which to 'twin' itself. Nor has it taken any easy options. Rather than settling for an accessible northern sister such as Gothenburg, perhaps, or a spot like Juan les Pins, where school kids on exchange trips could toast their pale limbs peacefully, it has plumped for Nablus, the largest Arab town on the occupied West Bank — in solidarity with the Palestinian cause.

Last week, the Lord Provost of Dundee and a team of five councillors paid their first official visit to the embattled 'twin', bearing (in addition to the gold seal of Dundee, the civic chain of office and the second-largest emerald in the world, which dangles from it) gifts for the Muslim mayor of Nablus, Mr Bassam Shaka who, you will remember, lost both legs in a car bombing last year. But what did the Dundee delegation choose to give the mayor? A bumper bottle of Scotch. And a kilt.

■ Meanwhile, other local authorities have been casting around for ways to protect the citizenry in the event of a nuclear attack. Not fooled for a moment by central government clap-trap about white-washing windows and hiding under the stairs with a paper bag over one's head, they have been searching for more substantial means of defence. I learn from a memorandum which has been circulating discreetly within the Department of the Environment, and which has just turned up in this office (in the way these things do), that several authorities have inquired about the possibility of turning their local fortresses and other ancient strongholds into nuclear shelters.

Could some of us be saved after all? Will the walls which kept out the battering rams and the slings and arrows of mediaeval warfare withstand the military marvel of the 20th century? Carlisle council, for example, has been wondering whether Carlisle Castle could be fitted out for the job.

But their optimism is misplaced. The author of the memorandum, Mr A. Swift of the Ancient Monuments Secretariat, explains how civil servants should deal with such inquiries. 'There appears to be a mistaken belief', he remarks rather scornfully, 'that all castles are of sound construction and with deep cellars or dungeons which make them ideally suited for such use. This is a fallacy . . .' And, besides, 'such structures may not necessarily withstand blast conditions and there may be considerable danger from collapse'. He suggests that 'applications should be diplomatically declined on the grounds of general unsuitability of monuments for the purpose'. Behind the pragmatism, however, there is a clear line of policy. For the memorandum also states (for the first time in such stark terms in an official document) that it is the government's intention 'not to provide public anti-nuclear shelters'.

■ My two nieces have just had their birthdays, and received a ritual visit from the creature known to them as I'll-break-your-arm-if-you-call-me-'auntie'-Anna. I have, of course, taken my duties seriously since these young people arrived in the world. A wooden train set for Clare on her first birthday; a bright red London bus for Emily . . . later, a doctor's stethoscope, a globe (to encourage a sense of adventure) and dozens of books full of strong, resourceful, autonomous female characters. And when their little brother was born, I combed the shops for soft, fluffy, non-militaristic playthings.

As they grew older I set about reinforcing the message with sensible advice about their futures. When Emily announced her ambition to become a shop assistant (until she got married), I was quick to explain the advantages of *owning* the shop — although I must say I worried at that point about engendering a *Poujadist* mentality. When Clare confided her wish to be a hairdresser (until she got married), I cross-examined her closely, pointing out the logical flaws in her argument.

This year, Clare, having clocked up ten years' experience of life, saw it coming again: 'Okay, okay', cried she, rolling her eyes in exasperation, 'I'll be an *engineer*!' And the two of them collapsed in giggles, as if nothing in the whole world could be more comical. Oh patriarchy, what a task you have set for us! ▶

Roger Woddis

Labour-rattling

'This election will provide the leaders of the party with an opportunity to show that they share the views of the members.' — Tony Benn.

How ghastly to hear Mr Benn
  Coming out with such dangerous stuff!
As if the political fen
  Weren't already stagnant enough!

His mind is alert and unsleeping,
  His eyes are unnaturally bright;
His vigour is matchless in keeping
  His pipe and his party alight.

His dream of a people's assembly
  Is something we'd rather not see;
He has a deep passion for Wembley
  And limitless gallons of tea.

He walks with a left inclination,
  He looks to the top of the hill;
He plagues the elect of the nation,
  And makes them exceedingly ill.

He ventures to raise certain issues
  Best handled by sensible men,
And makes them weep into their tissues —
  How awkward to face Mr Benn!

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■ This week sees the start of the pre-trial hearings of charges brought against 28 individuals who took part in the Black People's Day of Action on 2 March. They were arrested, you may remember, after a scuffle between police and demonstrators at the end of the march from New Cross to Fleet Street, following the fire in which thirteen young blacks died. And, as with the young people who were at the party when the fire began, the 28 have already been tried and condemned by the press. The *Sun*, the *Mail* and the *Express* have described them variously as 'black mobs' on the 'rampage', 'hooligans', 'rioters' and 'looters'. Now the New Cross Massacre Action Committee are asking for anyone who witnessed incidents on the march which may have involved arrests, to contact them urgently (at 74 Shakespeare Road, London SE24).

It is widely agreed that the campaign of protest (which was sparked off by the New Cross fire, but fuelled by a far wider range of grievances) marked a new phase in the politics of black people in Britain. There had never before been a demonstration on such a scale, nor such unanimity between black groups, nor such clear, collective anger at the systematic nature of racism. But it has proved surprisingly hard to *describe* the new development. Some have called it 'separatist' — and yet it is not, since whites are welcome to join in, provided they don't try to take over. So how, then, can it best be defined?

I was fascinated to read, in the manuscript of a book entitled *Race and Community Work,* to be published by Routledge later this year, an essay in which the black writer and activist Mike Phillips points out that in the vocabulary of racial politics there is no equivalent to the term 'feminist'. How much do words matter? I would guess a lot — and if there *were* an equivalent (Phillips suggests 'ethnicist' as the nearest available term) it would surely be the one to describe the current phase of black politics.

■ I am glad to report that last week's annual conference of the National Union of Journalists wholeheartedly condemned the way in which certain newspapers reported the death of Tom Litterick. His friends and supporters will also welcome the news that his Selly Oak constituency party has set up a fund in his memory, the proceeds of which will go to CND. Donations to the Tom Litterick Memorial Fund can be sent to Anne Crawford, Treasurer, Selly Oak Constituency Labour Party, 265 Dawlish Road, Birmingham 29.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcard, please.)

☐The Woolwich Building Society has been refused permission by Westminster City Council to open a branch in Soho because it would not be in keeping with the area. — *Basildon Evening Echo* (David Ealey)

☐The name of a mining village's new pub has ruffled a few feathers, for local councillors feel the Goose and Cowslips will give their area a 'pansy' image. — *News of the World* (G Moor)

Not for me

Arthur Marshall

ANXIOUS, late in the day though it may be, to improve myself and my mental capacities, I have been spending a few quiet hours assimilating and soaking myself in BB, and those down-to-earth readers who instantly assume that by BB I mean Bile Beans must really pull themselves together and raise their intellectual sights, admirable though the curative properties of this gentle laxative indeed are. No, no. What I may here call the *cognoscenti*, for we are about to move into a somewhat rarefied Italian atmosphere and ambience, will immediately have realised that by BB I mean the suave art person, Bernard Berenson and who, becoming at last dead in 1958 and at the age of 93, can now only be assimilated through the printed word and in this case through his diaries, written at what must have been the world's least vulgar dwelling, namely the famous residence outside Florence and called I Tatti (coarse-minded people with no Italian who ribaldly suggest that that name may be Italian argot for 'The Potatoes' or, more familiarly, 'The Spuds', must consider themselves reprimanded).

Through the hospitable doors of I Tatti, a house that must partly have owed itself to the owner's thirty year business association with the rather less than spotless Duveen, the great and the famous poured in a ceaseless stream and so I can only think that my own invitation to stay must somehow have got lost in the post or is still in a railway siding at Milan and awaiting delivery. Just as well, for I much doubt whether my conversational powers ('How lovely to see the sun' and 'I always feel that books furnish a room') would have been at all equal to the strain, the diaries touching on matters far beyond me — late Bellini altarpieces, classical studies ('Until a few years ago, I began my day with Greek and Latin poets'), discussion of Sartre's *Age de Raison*, D'Annunzio as a dramatist, etc. Few solo performances in recent years have given me more pleasure than a TV account by Alan Bennett of an imaginary stay at I Tatti (can the account possibly have been a satirical one?), ending with, when the time came to say good-bye, the memorable phrase 'So it was ta-ta, I Tatti'.

To prove, as though proof is necessary, how low are my verbal tastes and my total unworthiness even to speak or think of I Tatti, a vaguely literary recollection has just floated into my mind. It concerns a pleasing episode in the life of a friend of mine who, in his immediately post-graduate days, was considering a career in journalism and, armed with a number of glowing testimonials as to his writing abilities, presented himself for an interview with the editress of a ladies' glossy magazine. She was large and jolly and in her conversation went in quite a lot for diminutives. These can certainly create an agreeably informal atmosphere ('Do make yourself comfy') but he was momentarily taken aback when, after the first preliminaries were over and she was wishful for solid proof of his excellence, she leant forward, smiling, and said cheerily 'And now, dear, let me have a peep at your testies.'

But although I Tatti and any other similar establishments (which, if you follow me, God forbid) are for ever denied me, I have been greatly encouraged to give a boost to my social life, even though it means momentarily deserting dear Devon and Appleton, by a book called *The Debrett Season*, published by Debrett's Peerage Ltd at £6.95 and which is a compilation by 'a team of celebrated socialites and journalists' of articles on how to manage at various events of the year, among them Eton's Fourth of June, Royal Ascot, Polo at Cowdray Park, and Cowes ('The best way to arrive at Cowes is on your own boat' it says, which is of course just exactly what I was planning to do). Though it will all mean quite a substantial outlay in the way of extra items of kit (it's apparently unthinkable to appear at Badminton in anything other than warm, thick, hairy tweeds, woolly stockings in drab colours, and a headscarf), I can hardly wait to get going.

My goodness, it'll be quite a busy year! Take Badminton itself. Naturally I'm going flat out for the coveted Whitbread Trophy and plan, in the Cross-country section and mounted on Sultan, to go sailing over jumps with curious names such as Lamb's Creep and Vicar's Choice. How jolly and British to discover that, as with Cambridge May Week taking place in June and the Fourth of June only rarely being on the fourth, the Three-Day Event actually takes four days. I also learn that in the tented village and stands that spring up, diamond tiaras are available at £10,000 a time, and that Sultan will lose me marks in the Dressage if he grinds his teeth or swishes his tail or gives other horsey indications, which I can hardly mention on this page of 'family reading', of the distress he is feeling. The cup will be presented to me by HM herself, the writer casually adding 'the Royal Family generally are fond of horses'. *Tiens!*

Then it's up and away to Glyndebourne, where the smartest now arrive by helicopter, hoping to find Clotti in good voice for that Mozart thing, and hoping too that dear old Measures, packing the picnic hamper, has remembered to put in the olives without which a dry Martini is just not a dry martini, my dear. In May too there is, with luck, a Test Match at Lord's, watched either from a private box (salmon and champers) or from the august pavilion itself, where the lavatory doors are labelled 'Out' and 'Not Out', while in the Warner Stand the urinal stalls are set at right angles to the field of play so that not a moment of the game ('Ooops! Pardon me . . .') need be missed.

And there's just so much else — Cruft's Dog Show, bang bang on the Glorious (though not for the birds) Twelfth, Burghley Horse Trials ('poor old Jennifer came a purler at the cut-and-laid'), Goodwood and Henley (look out those blazers and straw boaters in faded club colours). It's wonderful what a now second-rate country on the verge of economic disaster can still manage.

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LETTERS

Iranian missionaries

From Canon Simon Barrington-Ward, General Secretary, Church Missionary Society

Cresta Norris's account of the roles of the Church Missionary Society and of the Episcopal Church in Iran in your issue of 6 March raises important issues which confront third world churches and their western partners in many areas, though the attempt to oversimplify reduces the complexity and ambiguity of the situation to an unhelpful stereotype. Nevertheless, the question has to be faced: what do churches do with their inherited institutions, built up in good faith and serving a useful function, which at the same time come to provide what is a minority community with possibly the wrong kind of security?

It is not true that the Episcopal Church's blind schools and hospitals in Iran, largely Iranian-run with some expatriate senior staff, were 'particularly offensive' to Muslims. I saw myself that they were appreciated by many Muslims, not least their patients or pupils, almost all Muslim, many of them poor. But they did arouse resentment among a small — now powerful — minority of extremists. That resentment is a reminder that these institutions had become symbols of power *as well as* of compassion. There was the rub.

The tiny Episcopal Church — numbers are actually hard to gauge, especially now — differs from the Armenian or Assyrian churches which are accepted as separate cultural groups by time-honoured Islamic tradition. The Iranian Episcopal Church consists of individuals or families who, one by one, at great personal cost, often in response to some fragment of the Bible from a passing colporteur and with heroic courage, made their own pilgrimage to faith in Christ. Such a precarious group tended to look to institutions as a focal point and source of identity.

The schools were nationalised in 1973 but the hospitals, financially successful and self-supporting as a result of their quality of care, the blind schools and a remarkable pioneer training farm for the blind, made an impressive contribution to Iran. The Episcopal Church faced a hard dilemma when doubts were raised as to the top-heaviness which the institutions and the expatriate presence gave to it. The Iranian Bishop himself was well aware of the problem. The suddenness with which the American Presbyterians in a financial crisis earlier withdrew funds supporting similar institutions, gave their church a shock from which it never recovered. This was not an encouraging precedent. CMS would not act similarly by withdrawing staff without the Church's consent. The institutions themselves were not dependent on CMS. For all of us there were questions but the answer was far from clear.

As to the value of the expatriate helpers to the Church over a century and more, they were relatively fewer than Cresta Norris implies and not so greatly involved in the western community which really only developed after 1975. They ranged from school-leavers and short-term volunteers to the longer-term, senior staff, willing to give a lifetime of service. They varied in outlook and spirituality as in gifts and temperament. You have only to think of the different impressions made recently by the Colemans, Jean Waddell, and Paul Hunt, author of a perceptive new book, *Inside Iran*. Over the years of course there were at times tensions, differences between staff or resentment of some missionaries in authority. Your opinion can depend on whom you choose to listen to and when. What cannot be refuted is that there was much multiplication of friendship. The Colemans seem to have been as much appreciated in Yazd as in Bethnal Green. In both places, a large petition was signed on their behalf. The Yazd one was signed by two mullahs. In the Iranian Episcopal Church a significant and lasting bond was forged between Iranians and expatriates. It was a bond which when it came to a crisis the little church was reluctant to see broken. The expatriates too were prepared, in accordance with usual CMS policy, to abide by the local church's decision. If this seems foolhardy to some onlookers, to those involved on both sides, in the face of much ambiguity, it was surely a redemptive token of solidarity with church and nation and of genuine love.

157 Waterloo Road, London SE1

Radio for the people

From Simon Partridge

As the author of the paper proposing a system of 'self-regulating, consumer co-op community radio', mentioned fleetingly in Anne Karpf's piece on the Goldsmiths' College radio seminar (*NS* 27 March), I would like to make one or two comments.

It is all very well for her to point out the chameleon-like nature of the term 'community', but this carries serious dangers as well as strengths. For instance, one of the things which became abundantly clear at the seminar was that the Home Office licensed cable radio experiments had become largely *commercialised*, being now financed almost entirely out of advertising revenue, with all that entails by way of seeking maximum audiences and encouraging unthinking consumerism. Also, their structures for democratic accountability were nowhere made clear. If 'community' carries with it, among other things, connotations of 'non-profit-distributing' and 'democratic accountability' (and without such connotations it seems an empty term — hence my espousal of a democratic co-operative structure) then Karpf is playing loose with language when she says of the cable stations that 'community radio already exists in Britain'.

In my view genuine community radio doesn't yet exist — though it may be in the process of being born — and we should be wary of encouraging the Home Office to sanction experiments which would appear to set a precedent in allowing the proliferation of ill- or non-regulated mini-commercial radio stations.

Such a development would contribute nothing towards the growth of diverse and democratically accountable radio, but would rather pave the way for penetration by multi-national media corporations and advertising agencies, as has already happened with the 'free' radio movement in Italy (already documented by Coe and Blanchard in the *NS* of 20 February).

92 Huddleston Road, London N7

Legal, decent, honest . . .

From Michael Meacher MP

Peter Sissons and Paul McKee, in seeking to defend the objectivity of ITN News at Ten's political presentation, assert inter alia that the Labour Co-ordinating Committee's letter discussed on that programme on 20 October was clearly intimidatory and therefore the interviewer's assumption of this interpretation was justified. I think both these claims are wrong.

Let me say immediately that I do believe that the drafting of the letter — recommending that MPs bring along their ballot paper to their GMC — was unfortunate, since the implication that MPs were not to be trusted was highly regrettable. But that does not mean that the letter was intimidatory. If MPs were intending anyway honestly to tell their GMC, following discussion, how they proposed to vote, then filling in a ballot paper at the same time constituted no extra pressure at all.

It would only become intimidatory if an MP intended to deceive his or her GMC by declaring one view to them openly and then secretly voting in a quite different way. Is that perhaps why opponents of this letter were so hot under the collar about it, because it blocked off this possibility of deceit?

But perhaps it may be said that the letter was intimidatory merely in seeking to ensure that a debate, attended by the MP, took place in the GMC, whereas otherwise the MP might simply be left to make up his or her own mind uninfluenced by consultations with the Party. If that view is taken, then *any* demand for democratic consultation becomes intimidatory. And what does being a Parliamentary representative *mean* if those one purports to represent don't know what one is doing, and why, on a crucial issue?

If, then, the interpretation of this letter as intimidatory cannot be sustained, then there is no justification either for the TV interviewer to 'make the assumption (as Sissons and McKee admit he did) that the intention of the letter was to ensure the MPs were *ordered* how to vote by their local GMCs'. Such an assumption, uttered as though it were objective, becomes a statement of political bias.

Incidentally, Philip Whitehead and Austin Mitchell are equally wrong to say (Letters, 30 January) that 'parties were being asked to demand that the MP fill in his ballot paper *on their instructions*' (my italics). This is simply false. No part of the letter bears out this interpretation. There was nothing whatever to stop an MP, after listening to the debate in his own GMC, then indicating that for this or that reason he took a different view. I know of at least two MPs who did exactly that — without any adverse repercussions.

All that LCC was concerned about was that there should be an open and honest debate on the issue and that it should not be fixed secretly and without consultation. Surely it is wholly wrong, unfair and biased to claim that that equals intimidation.

House of Commons

From Bertha Williams

The news of Tony Benn's decision to stand for the Deputy Leadership of the Labour Party came out in the early hours of Thursday 2 April. It was broadcast within minutes on the BBC World Service, with the added comment that 'some Labour MPs were critical' of this decision. At 8 am these Labour MPs were described by the BBC as 'angered'.

It would be interesting to have been given the names of the MPs who were ready to give their opinion to the BBC at 4 am, and, incidentally, the names of those (unelected) in the BBC who so described these opinions. Do these unelected employees speak for the BBC, or Britain? And what of the much vaunted neutrality of the BBC?

49 Bradshaw Road, Honley, Huddersfield

Information wanted

Neil Grant of 42 Grove Avenue, Moseley, Birmingham 13, is preparing a radio documentary on the wartime 'Forces' Parliaments, especially those held in Egypt during 1943-4, and would like to hear from anyone involved or with knowledge of these events.

Eric Homberger would like to track down Louis MacNeice's script (or other documentation) for the 'Salute to the Red Army' staged at the Albert Hall on 21 February 1943. This event was held to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Red Army; participants included Laurence Olivier, Dame Sybil Thorndike, John Gielgud, Marius Goring, the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the massed bands of the Guards and 2,000 men and women drawn from the services. Contact Homberger at the School of English and American Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich.

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Peter Kellner reveals how Granada TV persuaded politicans and mandarins to come clean

The games ex-ministers play

SUPPOSE YOU were Britain's Foreign Secretary. Suppose also you had a problem with a Commonwealth country run by a tyrant. The problem is this: news has come your way that the tyrant's more liberal predecessor plans a coup at a time when the tryant is due to be in London. Do you warn the tyrant or not?

When Roy Hattersley was asked that question at a recent Granada TV recording session he hesitated for some moments —the first time to the best of my knowledge that Hattersley has ever hesitated in front of the television cameras about anything. He was acting out his role as Foreign Secetary for a new series of 'hypotheticals' to be screened next week.

Eventually Hattersley replied:

> I would have to decide whether it was in the interests of the objectives I sought in that country for him to be aware of that information or not, and on that basis I'd tell him, but certainly not simply because it might keep him out of London . . . I think I'd be open to most severe criticism, not just political and public but perhaps moral criticism if I knew that he was under threat and that I hadn't told him.

Hattersley looked decidedly uneasy as the next question was hurled down at him:

> Q. As a matter of fact, the source of your information is actually a paper which lays out pretty well the whole plot of the plan including names. Do you give him that?
> A. I don't think I'd give him that. I don't want him to do to them what I've been predicting for four years he would do to his opponents. But I think I'd warn him.

THE 'HYPOTHETICAL' is a technique first developed in the United States by the Ford Foundation to find out how people behave — as opposed to how they *say* they behave — in different circumstances. You seat a dozen or so people round a U-shaped table. Each person plays a role similar to a current or recent job he has held in real life.

A 'moderator' asks the players questions. He has an imaginary scenario, and seeks to discover how the players respond to it. He poses dilemmas, creates conflicts, and sets one player off against another. The story evolves according to the way each player reacts.

Granada TV has now adopted this technique for television. In so doing it raises basic questions about the way 'factual' television nightly transmits the way of the world to us. A large part of the appeal of a TV hypothetical is that it tries to explode the rhetoric and humbug that fills the airwaves for so much of the time. If the run-of-the-mill interview with a minister or industrialist were, as a rule, frank and revealing, we would not need hypotheticals (or another Granada-developed technique, the reconstruction) to tell us how things 'really' are: we would already know.

Previous series of hypotheticals have concerned press freedom and medical ethics. Next week's series is the most ambitious yet. It seeks to explore the inner workings of Britain's government machine. Rather than breach the Official Secrets Act, Granada has outflanked it: how can a hypothetical response to an imaginary situation disclose state secrets?

Yet the outcome is a more revealing, and more frightening, picture of Britain's politicians, civil servants and industrialists at each other's throats than anything that could be gleaned from the most classified government document.

Granada constructed the new series by taking about one hundred of us — Labour ex-ministers, Tory MPs, journalists, industrialists, retired civil servants and diplomats — to Liverpool one weekend. Only around 30 of us were 'players' (my own small but perfectly formed role can be seen in the second programme); but, as Brian Lapping, Granada's executive producer, explained to the participants before the recording sessions started:

> Even those of you who don't take part directly are here for a reason. At each point at least one of you will know how the people sitting round the table actually do behave. And they know you are behind them watching to see that they get it right.

On the special train taking us to Liverpool, something of the earnestness of some of the players emerged. One of the politicians who had agreed to take part, John

Sir Antony Part

Silkin, had dropped out at the last minute. One of the Granada team thought it would be interesting to have Tony Benn in his place. However, one of the retired permanent secretaries taking part in the programme was Sir Anthony Part, who served under Benn at the Department of Industry in the mid-1970s. Benn and Part detested each other. So Part had to be discreetly asked whether he would mind if Benn were invited. Part said he would indeed mind: he wouldn't come if Benn did. On the train Part checked with the Granada staff that Benn had not in the event been asked. He was reassured by the answer. Stan Orme was coming instead.

Richard Marsh

THE FIRST programme, to be shown next Tuesday evening, concerns an accident at a nuclear power station: how do officials and ministers respond? What are the public told, and when? How are conflicting interests between the departments of environment and energy resolved? How far do ministers go to try and rig a public inquiry?

The initial explosion — apparently minor, but no-one can be quite sure — occurs in the middle of the night. A civil servant says he would tell the minister immediately. Sir Richard Marsh, playing an energy minister (which he was in the 1960s), is asked whether he would welcome being told of the accident at four in the morning.

> I would be surprised — er — to be told — er — about something which had no risk at four in the morning. Once he wakes me then I've got to move, which is why his promotion prospects have taken a turn for the worse, because he has, as he says, in a matter of great public interest put it on my lap, er, and I can't tell the press four hours later when I'm having my breakfast, 'Well, yes, he did ring me but I went back to sleep again' — So I also join into this PR exercise, er, which is basically what it is.

Marsh later underlines that the minister's main role at this stage is public relations. He says he would visit the nuclear power station even though 'operationally there can be no reason for me going there at all'. When Marsh was a real minister he visited the site of the Aberfan coal tip disaster on the advice of his driver's mother.

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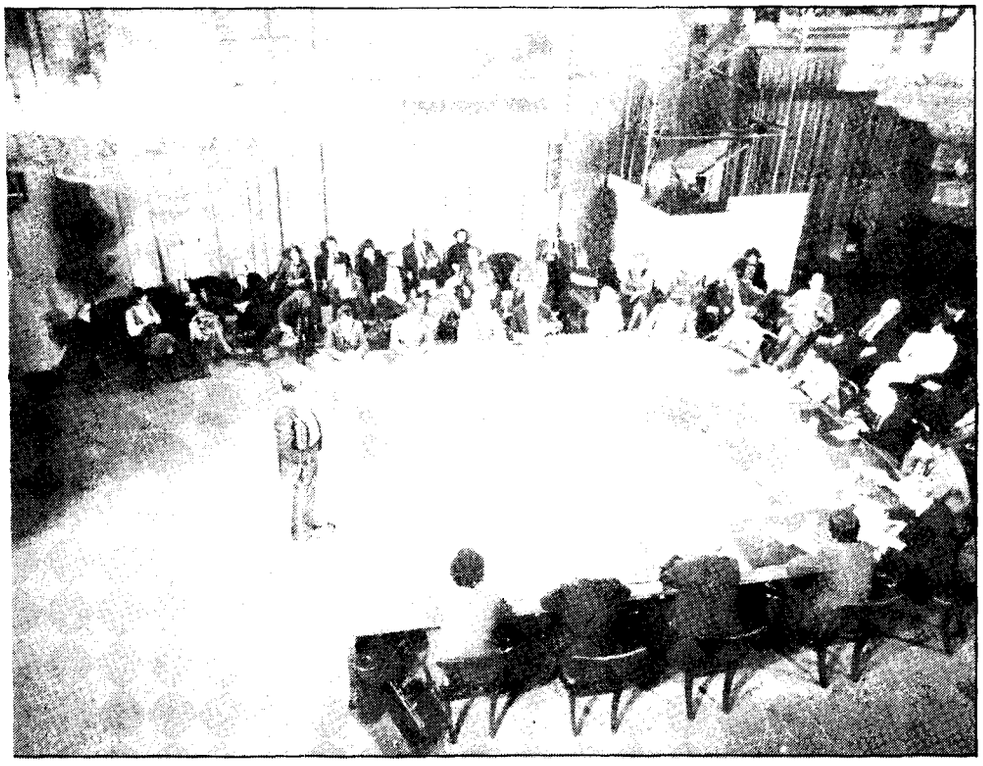

Granada's victims in place: your special correspondent is seated bottom left

The moderator was incredulous. Marsh would rather take the advice of his driver's mum than that of 'your own distinguished top official'?

> Marsh: Oh yes, because the reaction, what one's talking about, is public reaction and not logic.

Later on, when other forms of deceit, self-serving and public manipulation are being hatched, Jack Straw, now a Labour MP, interjects plaintively, 'What about the truth?' Nobody takes any notice.

In the second programme, a Concorde-style venture is acted out, with a spending minister (played by Peter Shore) pitted against a tight-fisted Chancellor (Joel Barnett), and civil servants plotting behind their backs.

Peter Shore says he would fight against the pessimistic advice of his permanent secretary (played by Sir Roy Denham, a permanent secretary in the Cabinet Office in the mid-1970s):

> Shore: I think this is a real problem which we've all got to understand, the sort of emotional and intellectual obsolescence of men in high positions. So, er, I do not feel oppressed by the advice that I have received.

Obsolescent or not, Denham puts on a nifty act in trying to circumvent Shore. In one of the programme's more delightful episodes, Denham and the treasury's permanent secretary (Lord Croham, head of the home civil service 1973-77) describe how they would discuss screwing Shore.

> Moderator: So you would thereby weaken your minister's position?
> Denham: Yes, that would be the result, but I would be, er, mainly concerned . . . to give an official colleague and friend of many years standing a true picture of the facts of the situation.

The final programme in the series concerns Roy Hattersley and the tyrant. Hattersley and, to a lesser extent, Peter Shore valiantly attempt to present a picture of ministers constructing moral balance between business and human rights.

> Hattersley: Peter, I think you and I are in a fair measure of agreement over this. I'm worried about the way I believe the regime is going . . . I'd like to tap them for British national economic interests if we can, but you and I are agreed that there comes a point when the behaviour of an individual government means that it's not wise or right to continue doing business. I'm not sure that the Foreign Office itself always attached sufficient weight to the sort of considerations that you and I have just spoken about.

Lord Greenhill, playing the head of the diplomatic service (a position he did actually hold ten years ago), was darned if he was letting Hattersley get away with that.

> Greenhill: I would think that in all my experience in the Foreign Office, by which time it added up to 20 something years, I'd only heard one Foreign Secretary in my life ever refer to the interests of mankind as opposed to British interests.

Who, I asked Greenhill a few weeks later, was that? Michael 'I support the Americans in Vietnam' Stewart, it transpired.

ULTIMATELY, the success or failure of a hypothetical depends largely on the willingness of the players to come clean about their roles. In general I feel they do in this series, often because the pressure and style of questioning in a well-conducted hypothetical actually make it difficult to indulge in a sustained act of dissembling — far more difficult than in the most ferocious of standard TV studio interviews.

Even so, there is a bias in each performer to present the cleanest, and therefore publicly most acceptable, version of his act. For example, permanent secretaries and ministers went to some lengths to deny that they would on this or that occasion dream of briefing the press. Granada schemed hard, and in my view successfully, to show up how implausible some of the responses on this point were.

In a dummy-run last autumn for this series the difficulty of dissembling was well demonstrated by an ex-ambassador — *not* the wonderfully urbane Sir Geoffrey Jackson who actually appears in next week's programmes — on the question of human rights under the tyrant's regime. How, he was asked, would he check out press allegations of torture?

Up to this point the ex-ambassador had been witty, informative and explicit. Now, suddenly, he waffled. 'We, er, would have our ways, we'd know the local scene', he replied. Over tea, after the session ended, he revealed what he would really have done — something, he said, he could not admit, even in a hypothetical. 'I'd ask the Americans.'

The important and over-riding message of these hypotheticals, though, is that, as in the best novels, well-marshalled fiction is often a better guide to the truth than fragmentary fact. If I were running the KGB on a limited budget and wanted to know how Britain would react to an invasion of Poland, I'd dispense with the services of any latter-day Anthony Blunts. I'd pay Granada to mount a hypothetical on East-West relations. □

Lord Croham

Lord Greenhill

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Julian Barnes bids farewell to his viewing couch and lays down his Sun Light torch-pen

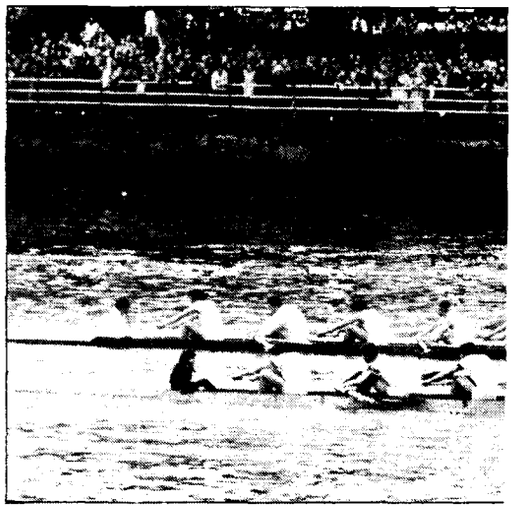
When Job's patience fails

I GUESS it was Lady Di's putative nipple that did it. I mean, this column does try, despite the triocular strain, to offer a modestly encyclopaedic rundown on what happens every night on every channel, to chronicle the semiological significance of each twitch of a newsreader's toupee. And then something like the Great Royal Shadow Incident comes along, and the lethargic sham of your critical coverage is mockingly exposed. There I was the other week, dutifully taking the strain for you in front of some rebuking documentary, while over on *News at Ten* they were excitedly rerunning furlongs of film and stopping every second frame, all to find out whether or not, when Lady Di wore *that* dress, she had left undone that which she ought to have done up. High-level cameras which had been loitering furtively on balconies were subpoenaed to give evidence. And lucky rival critics like Russell Davies got an enviably long lead-in out of the probe.

That's when you realise that a TV critic has to have more than Job-like endurance, a fully-sprung viewing couch, a Sun Light torch-pen ('Can be used by policemen, guardsmen, railroad workers, students and many other people' it says on the box), and a freezer-full of booze. He also needs luck. I missed Lady Di's soon-to-be-coronetted embonpoint, just as in the past three years I find I've missed so many other of the tube's briefly mythic moments: Kenneth Kendall's tooth pinging off his newsdesk like a squash-ball on heat; Angela Rippon's earring parodying the same trick; Jimmy Goldsmith galumphing off the set of *The Money Programme*. I was away for Peter Woods's notorious 'sinus trouble'; I read about Anna Ford's farewell in the next day's paper; and I failed to catch that one occasion when Russell Harty's upper lip was as dry as the Gobi desert. When ITV smuggled its camera round the back of the Knightsbridge embassy to catch the Milk Tray men shinning down their ropes, I was the one watching BBC. The time had come, I realised, to hang up my typewriter ribbon; to give way, if not to a younger man, at least to a luckier one.

STILL, it was a varied week to end on. For those who missed one nodule of Lady Di, there was the whole of Linda Lovelace on *Saturday Night at the Mill* (BBC-1). She appeared directly after Nana Mouskouri, and the transition was so eerily seamless as to suggest cloning: both were homely, bespectacled, sturdily suburban ladies dressed as for a PTA meeting. Ms Lovelace, interviewed with no more than predictable lubricity by Bob Langley, was over here to publicise an autobiography in which she startlingly reveals that her porno career, far from being of her own choosing, was forced on her by a brutal, psychopathic husband. We've become tiredly familiar with Barry Norman pointing out to us that the Hollywood Greats who embody our fantasies were, after all, sexually incapable or frigid or whatever; but Ms Lovelace's case takes the same cultural irony to grander, madder dimensions. This seemingly carefree pied piper of untrammeled erotic freedom was in fact, we learned, the humiliated opposite — a pleasureless, gagging victim of the basest male enslavement.

Except that one didn't believe it was *quite* so neat, this conversion from porn-again to born-again. There was something a little pressing about Ms Lovelace's performance, something a little suspicious about the now-retiring housewife hyping her book as hard as she did. If it was all true, one wanted to ask — and she offered an 11-hour lie-detector test in evidence of this claim — what was she doing here? If her purpose is socially and morally admonitory, isn't it strange that she's written a book which many can be expected to get off on? And isn't there something curious about resurrecting that shrugged-off name for world-wide TV appearances which aren't exactly going to help the transition to that quiet suburban life she claims to see?



'My inside's like an army's marched through it, they said.' Not, as it might have been, Ms Lovelace; but a hospital patient in the next bed to the ailing, reminiscing heroine of *Elizabeth Alone* (BBC-2). This first episode of William Trevor's three-part play had its Novocaine moments, notably in those Weetabixy flashbacks-to-innocence ('The detrimental influence of *Elvira Madigan* on British TV serials: analyse and discuss'); but it was held together by a broodingly strong central performance by Barbara Ferris, the thinking man's Susan Hampshire. It also contained the finest domestic row I've seen for years, a whirling teatime tornado catching up Elizabeth, her languidly Burkhardt-quoting suitor, and her hated, angry, self-pitying father (Joss Ackland). Emotional failure, lack of courage, inability to love — these are the areas the play is moving towards; though it's a river that flows broad rather than swift.

A broodingly strong central performance by Barbara Ferris

THREE OF the tube's increasingly predictable but still unmissable events all turned up together last Saturday. 'What's Another Year?' was the title of the winner of the 1980 *Eurovision Song Contest* (BBC-1); but it made an equally apt so-what epigraph for this year's whirligig of dreck. Hard not to feel deeply ashamed of the British winners, a quartet of session singers called Bucks Fizz. 'We made a lot of mistakes,' they accurately claimed afterwards, 'but luckily no one spotted them.' How could they be so sure? Their musical director, I couldn't help noticing, was a certain John Coleman, who smacked and wheedled the local Irish fiddlers into the necessary slick frenzy, while onstage the blond-rinsed Fizz ran very fast on the spot and pummelled out an appalling song about Making Your Mind Up. Halfway through, the two girls in the group took their skirts off; perhaps this helped Make the Mind Up of the Eurojuries. Other talentless entrants included a Norwegian singer who puzzlingly bore the Christian name of Finn; he was punished for this lack of patri-

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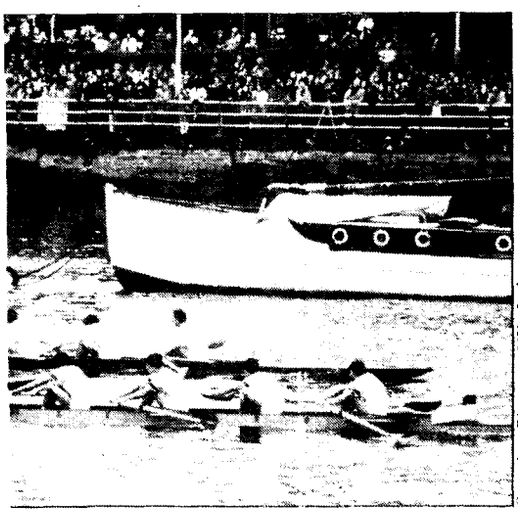

Sporting Pictures (UK) Ltd

A predictable Dark Blue victory

otism by not being awarded a single point.

Earlier in the day the Cambridge crew also scored no points at all in the Boat Race (*Grandstand*, BBC-1). Fat zero as well to Harry Carpenter for his soppy-uncle doting on cox Sue Brown, who must have had the easiest job on the tideway, steering her immensely superior crew through a few bridges. A couple of mild innovations were tried, like woman commentator Penny Chuter, who at one point exclaimed, 'As it comes out of the water it's smooth and it's long!' (the Loch Ness monster surfaces again); while Cambridge, for some unknown reason, had green blades on their oars. Envy of all Oxford's publicity, no doubt. After the race, and the predictable sixth consecutive victory of the Dark Blues, Harry Carpenter warned the Cambridge rowing establishment with comical sternness to put its house in order. Sink or win, seemed to be his instruction: you can't expect to rate a BBC helicopter next year if you go on being so boring.

No danger of lessened facilities at Aintree (also *Grandstand*), where this year the winning jockey's recent recovery from cancer was the main story. This, plus the fact that the fellow's name was Champion, couldn't have suited the tabloid-shaped mind of David Coleman better. 'Bob — marvellous, marvellous, marvellous,' ran his first, searching question in the winner's enclosure. Not much scope for reply there, so Coleman pressed on with a masterly supplementary: 'Well, it's a great story — twelve months ago you had cancer, and the horse itself hasn't been too well.'

The great story in this year's *Master Game* (BBC-2) was of Nigel Short's gratifying triumph over a field of seven grandmasters. In the final he pursued a dogged, careful attack against what seemed a curiously passive Tony Miles. 'So I just continue with my plan,' was Short's most typical comment, as Miles diddled and puffed and fiddled and bluffed. 'What's he doing? Is he panicking — or is he really doing something?' was the penultimate puzzled comment of the *NS*'s departing critic as Superbrat pushed another pawn. This hopeful bravado was shortly followed by that familiar *Master Game* cry of 'Good God, that was *stupid* . . . I'm an *idiot*.' So, in the nicest possible way, are those responsible for printing my prediction of the *MG* winner as *Hort* instead of *Short*. But then, misprints are all part of the luck you need in this trade. I hope my successor is raedy fro taht.

I also hope he likes the taste of hard-boiled eggs. Seeking an instructive metaphor for this job, I found myself in front of *Cool Hand Luke* (BBC-1).. You remember convict Paul Newman and the egg-eating competition? At first it's all a bit of a joke, as he smilingly pops the eggs into his mouth; gradually it gets serious — money is at stake; finally, he has to be massaged, rubbed down, and walked around before he can face another of the shining ovoid bombs. Hard this week not to spot the allegory, with Paul Newman representing the imprisoned TV critic. After a while, everything on television seems to take on the same television shape: it's smooth, it seems nourishing, it slips down easily, but then gradually it becomes harder and harder to stomach. One more and you think you'll gag. I leave my successor to his challenging diet of hard-boiled eggs. Me, I'm frolicking off to where I can get them fried, poached, scrambled, raw, Benedict — you name it . . . □

Note: next challenger in the egg-eating contest will be Francis Wheen, closely followed by William Boyd, but there may be some variations in the recipe.

Kevin Crossley-Holland

In Dorset and Wiltshire

1.
In the blue hour definitions and distances
Become undecided; the cantering fields
Shimmer with light caught and reluctantly yielded.
First to retreat are the barrows strung out along
The hill-top, cropped and lop-sided but still
To be reckoned with. They gather the darkness
Back into themselves and they emit darkness —
Day's dying reminder — as their builders intended.

2.
If night air thickens and unknowing clouds of mist
Weep and wrap round the cathedral, its floodlights
Seem more powerful; drowned in light, the spire
Rises a second time, a dim delineation
Above itself, disembodied and floating.
Matter illumines spirit, illusion appears miracle:
Darkness dispossessed, light begetting light
By which chiefly I see how much I cannot see.

Employment, trade and North-South co-operation

Edited by G. Renshaw, with a preface by Francis Blanchard

The current trend towards protectionism in the countries of the North is threatening the benefits that might be expected to result from the two-way flow of trade in manufactured goods between North and South. This study looks at this and other problems and the responses being made to them by four countries of the North (France, Federal Republic of Germany, Netherlands, United Kingdom) in four industrial sectors: textiles and clothing, leather and footwear, motor cars, and machine tools.
ISBN 92-2-102530-6 (hard cover) £9.40
ISBN 92-2-102531-4 (limp cover) £6.90

Poverty and landlessness in rural Asia

'It is an important study . . . useful for policy-makers and academics alike. The book contains an authoritative discussion of three such forces: private investment, the process of technical innovation, and demographic changes.' (*Finance and Development*, The World Bank, Washington).
ISBN 92-2-101767-2 (hard cover) £11.25
ISBN 92-2-101766-4 (limp cover) £8.75

Women in rural development: The People's Republic of China

by Elisabeth Croll

An account of the main changes affecting rural women that have been introduced by the Chinese. The author describes the entry of women into social production, the division of labour between the sexes that has been generated and the constraints influencing full participation of women in non-domestic production.
ISBN 92-2-102054-1 £3.75

Rural women: Unequal partners in development

by Martha F. Loutfi

This study distinguishes between women's possible roles as child-bearers, workers (both for family maintenance and in the market economy) and managers (of their own affairs, of their households and in outside occupations). It concludes with suggestions for national policy and an indication of the research the ILO is doing.
ISBN 92-2-102389-3 £3.15

Children at work

Edited by E. Mendelievich. 2nd impression (with modifications)

There are at least 52 million child workers less than 15 years old in the world today, of whom more than 50 million are in the developing countries of the Third World. The aim of this book is to look into the problem of child labour in various parts of the world, to analyse its causes and to put forward possible solutions.
ISBN 92-2-102165-3 (hard cover) £8.15
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Michael Kidron examines the Alternative Economic Strategy and concludes that it is not nearly as revolutionary as it seems

Labour's L-shaped alternative

THERE IS a scurry of determined propagandists on the left who believe that the Alternative Economic Strategy will be implemented in some form by the next Labour government and that it might turn British society upside down.

The authors of the two books reviewed here subscribe to that belief. Sam Aaronovitch writes from the Communist Party, the Conference of Socialist Economists' London Working Group from left Labour and left of left Labour. Their accounts of the Strategy and of some of its implications are comprehensive, balanced and generally unsectarian. Their style is a passionless civil-service type rationalism sensitive to the power of argument if not to the argument of power.

Above all, AES is a strategy for planned economic growth. To achieve it government spending will be raised. There will be a closer, more intricate articulation between the public and private sectors of the economy through more, and more selective, state ownership; through planning at the state and corporate level, the latter by means of compulsory planning agreements; through the control of foreign trade; and through price controls. The private sector will be cured, not dispossessed: 80 per cent of manufacturing output would remain in private hands, as would the entire commercial and trading sectors, farming, construction, finance — apart from banking and insurance — and commodity trading.

To get anywhere at all the Strategy will require popular support committed to overcoming resistance from the people who run business, government, the civil service and the military, and the interconnecting network of agents, aides, executives and hangers-on — all of whom form the living tissue of capital in Britain. To this end the Strategy advocates a democratisation of British economic and political life: workers will be party to the planning agreements concluded between the state and the major corporations; they will participate in formulating the agreements between regional and local authorities and small and medium-size firms and so on. In general, every encouragement will be given to 'the autonomous activity of working people', to 'the extension of organised working class power'.

THE STRATEGY has been savaged for the naivety and confusion of its central thesis: it is, write Andrew Glyn and John Harrison in a hostile but acute analysis:

> fatally flawed because it could surmount problems in the production of surplus value only by measures unacceptable to capital. Capitalists would resist immediately it started to bite, and cause massive disruption because the bulk of production would remain under their control (*The British Economic Disaster* Pluto Press p.62).

The Strategy has also been criticised for its pinched perspective, not least by its friends: 'the image it presents', writes Bob Rowthorn:

> is that of a more democratic, egalitarian and prosperous version of what already exists. It does not tackle, or even recognise, many of the issues raised by such groups as the ecologists or the women's movement and it certainly presents no vision of a radically different form of consumption and economic life.

He goes on to remark on its 'overly centralised and bureaucratic conception of economic planning', its 'lack of a coherent analysis of the world economy', its weakness on international questions, and much else. ('The Politics of the Alternative Economic Strategy', *Marxism Today*, January 1981). Even the authors of our books can occasionally be heard to murmur in protest at the unswerving parochialism of the AES.

SURPRISINGLY, the Strategy's near total insensitivity to the behaviour of social classes has been more or less ignored by the critics. Yet that is what gives it its shape over-all. Workers and rulers appear in the Strategy as people without real emotions and intentions, without real sticking points and real misconceptions, as no more than vehicles for abstract interests. The Strategy, remember, relies for its implementation on mass support. At the same time the Strategy is emphatically and explicitly not a programme for the transformation of society. It is not a bridge to people's power. At no point does it propose to do more than curtail some of the more wasteful and self-defeating activities of capital.

The Strategists themselves sense a weakness here. As the CSE Group remark, 'The key problem in 1974/5 was that there was so little understanding of and support for the Left's industrial strategy in the Labour movement that it could be ditched without serious opposition' (p.67). But there is nothing to suggest that the weakness will be overcome. Aaronovitch warns: 'If the attempt to carry through such a programme loses popular support, such a government should be prepared to "go to the country" and submit itself to the electoral verdict' (p.116). In other words, resign yourself to getting little from your support, and then resign when that little evaporates.

ON THIS approach, the initiative passes to capital, which is seen as having two choices: it too can resign itself to the role wished upon it by the Strategists, possessing dignity without power, in which case we can look forward to celebrating the gentlest suicide of all time; or it can resist, in which case it will drive workers to a deeper commitment and more extreme demands, and the Strategy will stand revealed in its true colours — a self-liquidating transitional programme of the Trotskyist sort.

But there are more choices in life than are dreamed of in the Strategy. Capital is as flexible as it is obdurate.

Closer co-ordination between the state and British multinationals? No problem. Send a study team to Japan or France to find out how it's done. Nationalisation of the banks and insurance companies? No problem. A cheap day return across the Channel will help, and Austria might be worth a visit. Nationalisation of North Sea Oil? No problem if Sheikh Yamani can find the time to advise, or, failing him, somebody with some time to spare in the state owned oil industries of Mexico or India. Taking large firms into state or co-operative hands? France, Italy, Germany, Spain . . . and, if Reagan recovers and Chrysler does not, there will be American experts too. Control of foreign trade? A letter to the GATT office in Geneva will elicit a formidable list, although almost everything that needs to be learned can be got from Japan. An improvement in welfare provisions? No problem. Study teams to West Germany, France; Italy, the Scandinavian countries will come back with suggestions for easily assimilable improvements. Further integration of the trade unions into the managerialist mode? There is no need to go abroad for this, they can build on a rich home-grown tradition. Workers' co-operatives? Spain, Yugoslavia. Planning agreements? The French, Italians or Belgian governments will advise. Workers' participation in planning agreements? More difficult this, but a mission to Germany will reveal at least one acceptable form of tokenism. And growth itself? If only!

There's nothing in the Strategy apart from the intention that British capital cannot take on board. Capital won't like any of it at first, and won't be able to absorb the proposals all at once. But the Strategists are not proposing revolution either. Negotiations and agreement are the name of the game. And an agreement with capital is an agreement for capital.

There's a lesson for the Labour Left in the current discomfiture of the Tory Right. They too rushed British capital with a central demand — competitiveness, and so growth. They too pressed for an array of radical reforms. For a time it looked as if capital would concede. But now it looks different: the only parts of the programme still in place are the brutality to workers, the callousness towards the weak, the furious righteousness. Everything else has gone by the board: billions of pounds have been donated to the mighty abbreviations of British Industry — BL, BSC, ICL, NCB, and so on; taxes have been hoiked up, dragging prices behind them.

The Labour Left is heading full tilt towards a deal with capital in very much the same spirit. As it swerves into its L-turn it is bound to off-load a lot which will be picked up, sorted and sold cheap to whoever can use it. It will also drop some of its navigators. When that happens, the Strategists, despite their best intentions, will be found to have reaffirmed and refurbished British capital. □

The Road from Thatcherism: The Alternative Economic Strategy by SAM AARONOVITCH *Lawrence & Wishart* £2.95

The Alternative Economic Strategy: A Labour Movement Response to the Economic Crisis by CSE LONDON WORKING GROUP *CSE Books/Labour Co-ordinating Committee* £7 & £2.50

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Less daring pens

The Child and the Book: a Psychological and Literary Exploration by NICHOLAS TUCKER *Cambridge* £15

When W.B. Yeats started school in Hammersmith just over a hundred years ago, his father confiscated his copy of a favourite magazine, explaining that it was designed to entertain the *average* boy, and would therefore infallibly stunt his spiritual and aesthetic growth. Within a term, however, paternal scruples were overcome and vigilance relaxed, so that Yeats and his fellows shared the excitement of weekly adventure stories which turned out to be innocuous or even improving: 'I had not had courage to say that I was but reading and delighting in a prose re-telling of the Iliad.'

The extension of literacy which brought Homer to the man in the street, and increased the demand for popular fiction among the young of all classes, also shook traditional conceptions of the imagination, the cultivation of literary sensibility, and the effect of reading upon the morals of future citizens.

Hitherto, these influences had been celebrated retrospectively by distinguished individuals addressing their peers. Recollecting the charm of giants, dragons and Robin Hood, which preceded his appreciation of verisimilitude, Wordsworth speaks confidently for one and all:

> . . . craving for the marvellous gives way
> To strengthening love for things that we have seen,
> When sober truth and steady sympathies,
> Offered to notice by less daring pens,
> Take firmer hold of us. . . .

The emergence and evolution of our faculties soon passed beyond the speculative domain of poets and philosophers. Systematic scrutiny of the nation's mental progress was prompted by the organisational needs of a changing political and economic order, and was shaped by an administrative purpose. Unfortunately, the impersonal methods of the human sciences, derived from quantitative research into observable behaviour, are blunt instruments and coarse filters when it comes to analysing a subtle, complex, emotional response, for which the only evidence is subjective.

Favouring single variables and binary oppositions, a psychology adapted to the service of social institutions sees the mind, in a contextual void, as a reified microcosm of the anonymous crowd: an aggregate of separate, uniform components which can be recombined in various permutations to provide a working model for the inter-action of any child and any book.

Nicholas Tucker, university lecturer and erstwhile educational psychologist, declares an interest in 'mass trends, not absolute laws'. He divides the age span 0-14 into six chapters, and offers well-intentioned advice to both suppliers and consumers in the children's book market: 'Authors should always take extra care to produce their best when writing for this formative age' and 'Reactions will depend on personality, prevailing attitudes and situations in life.' There need be no fear of contradiction here nor, indeed, in any of the other diagnostic and prescriptive statements, which are so unspecific, so tautological, so nebulously framed that, through the resulting haze, Noddy, Pooh and Alice all look alike, and may perform — who knows? — the same function.

Having eclectically summarised theories of infant perception and fantasy from Montessori, Piaget, Isaacs, Jung, Erich Fromm, Melanie Klein, Ernest Jones and Bruno Bettelheim, Tucker reverts to the earlier mode of literary autobiography. Storytellers who were top of the post-war pops, such as Richmal Crompton, Anthony Buckeridge and Capt. W.E. Johns, are recalled at length. Miscellaneous authors who report fun with books in childhood are briefly quoted.

It is pleasant to learn that Cobbett read Swift's *Tale of a Tub* at the age of eleven under a haystack in Kew Gardens; that Dickens believed he would have been blissfully happy as the husband of Little Red Riding Hood; that Charlotte Brontë was chronically incapable of play; that the seven-year-old Sartre would interrupt his own bedtime melodramas in order to hold himself in suspense; that Brigid Brophy falls into books as though into catalepsy . . .

But such incidental gossip hardly constitutes a 'Psychological and Literary Exploration'. Nor does it allay the suspicion that Nicholas Tucker is bored with his subject. There is no mention here of any author whose first work for children has been published recently, not even during the last decade, a period in which Tucker has been busy promoting his opinions of established novelists such as Nina Bawden, and presenting the pros and cons of familiar controversies: you know the sort of thing: Enid Blyton, Frank Richards, Superman and bogeymen; blood and thunder in comics . . .

These well-publicised conflicts between children's enjoyment and adult judgment, the choices available between policies of laissez-faire and censorship, remain for ever unresolved since the impresario of the genre, like the chat-show chairman, avoids taking sides. Blandly non-commital to the last, Tucker remarks that, for parents, the Persian folk-tale in which an adulterous wife is stripped, whipped and forced to eat dog-shit is 'still fundamentally a matter of taste'.

This memorable example made its debut in the journal *Where* in 1969, was reprinted in book form in 1973 and turns up here in a mass of reconstituted material — allusions, extracts, anecdotes, reviews — all *déjà vu* and recurring at intervals in the press and between hard covers for as long as I can remember. Rarely can such a narrow repertoire have been so widely staged and so frequently disinterred in the hope of revival.

The desire to rescue ephemera from oblivion is understandable. The rhythm of the seasons within the universities leads many academics to expect an annual yield from their old notes. But readers may feel less than grateful to the BBC and the editors of half-a-dozen periodicals who gave kind permission for this stuff to be rehashed, reheated and served up yet again. Fifteen pounds is too much to pay for the intellectual equivalent of salmonella.

Focus on Europe

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M. Godet & O. Ruyssen
A new book in the European Perspectives series,* this report seeks to identify the future prospects and problems that could affect the long term development of the European Community.
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*Published by the Office for Official Publications of the European Communities and available in the UK only from HMSO.

HMSO BOOKS

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'I have such good boys,' said Henry James Sr.

Hermione Lee on the psychopathology of the James family

Brought up to be lonely

Alice James: A Biography by JEAN STROUSE *Cape* £9.95
The Death and Letters of Alice James edited by Ruth Yeazell *University of California* £6.95
Henry James: Letters 1883-1895: Vol III edited by Leon Edel *Macmillan* £17.50

In the commonplace book which Alice James started in 1886, aged 38, and which became her diary in 1889, she wrote down, beside the extracts about endurance from Tolstoi, Emerson, George Eliot and others, this anonymous quotation: 'The frightful separateness of human experience.' Jean Strouse notes early on in her brilliant account of the James family that 'the notion that communication ranked as the ultimate value in human experience grew out of a painful awareness of all one could *not* share.' She quotes William James writing in 1890: 'Perhaps the greatest breach in nature is the breach from one mind to another.' After the death of the James parents, a friend said of Alice: 'She would be utterly lonely, a sort of waif in the great human family, but for Harry.' And 'Harry' himself wrote in 1892 to Robert Louis Stevenson, far away in Polynesia:

> I pine for you as I pen these words, for I am more and more companionless in my old age —more and more shut up to the solitude inevitably the portion, in these islands, of him who would really try, even in so small a way as mine, to *do* it.

The biography of Alice James, her letters and Henry's, are full of bereavements, often felt as betrayals. Strouse describes Henry James Sr. happily starving himself to death after the loss of his wife Mary, and at the last ignoring his devoted daughter: 'In dying, he forgot her. "I have such good boys," he had said, and "There is my Mary!"' Henry says of Alice's death in 1892: 'She contributed constantly, infinitely to the interest, the consolation, as it were, in disappointment and depression, of my own existence.' Two years later, the suicide in Venice of Constance Fenimore Cooper who had loved James caused him guilt and distress (which would be put to good use in 'The Altar of the Dead' and 'The Real Thing'): 'Before the horror and the pity of it I have utterly collapsed . . . What a picture of lonely unassisted suffering.' Stevenson's death in the same year increased James's sense — which he sometimes presented as a blessing — of being alone: 'One feels how one cared for him — what a place he took; and as if suddenly *into* that place there had descended a great avalanche of ice.'

BEREAVEMENTS were proofs of the condition of isolation which Alice, the only daughter, felt most intensely of all the James children because of her sex, her invalidism and her dependence on approval and affection. Jean Strouse finds the father's philosophies at the root of the trouble:

> Life had to be met on special terms by each junior member of the James family. Alice and her brothers, having been exhorted to 'take in' all the cultural riches the world had to offer, came up in adolescence against severe limitations on their capacities for full participation in life. There seemed to be a 'family curse' of ill health, weak nerves, delicate constitutions. It was as if each had received a devastating wound — a 'moral equivalent' to their father's amputation.
>
> The theme of suffering ran through their lives in a major key.

William, Alice and Henry survived, in different ways, by mastering the painful conditions of existence through the fullest, most determined exercise of an intelligent consciousness. (The story of the other two James children, who failed to do this, is pathetic in the extreme.) The father's insistence on personal success, not in terms of fame or fortune but of 'being extraordinary', the freedom he offered each child to choose 'among the entire range of moral and intellectual experience so that he may freely choose virtue', combined with his efforts to protect them 'from all knowledge of sin' led to 'success', if at all, only through torments of 'self-doubt and fear'. When Alice told her father (during her second serious breakdown in 1878) that she was thinking of suicide, he 'gave her permission to kill herself', explaining that her sufferings were a general part of a 'diabolic influx into the human mind from the spiritual world'. This objective view of her predicament may have kept Alice alive, but it left her struggling for a sense of control.

Henry James Sr. (like his wife) had a traditional view of women as morally superior and mentally inferior to men. Alice's exclusion from the boys' education, the jokes made by the family about her intellectual aspirations, and the limited activities available to her made her feel, in adolescence, 'bottled up'. Strouse's analysis of relations in the family partly explains Alice's nervous disorders: her breakdown in 1878 is seen as a response to William's marriage to another 'Alice James', this one a healthy wife and potential mother. But the biography is excellent too on the late 19th-century New England context, so that Alice James's invalidism is seen both as an extraordinary manifestation of character in an exceptional family, and as a typical case history of the time and place.

STROUSE gives a vivid account of the pastimes of Boston women (sewing bees, tea parties, the Society to Encourage Studies at Home), their peripheral activities during the Civil War, and the women's movements of the 1880s. (All this casts light on *The Bostonians,* and Strouse shows throughout how Henry used Alice for 'material'.) Her approach to the subject through psychoanalysis and feminism equips her to deal admirably with the relevant medical history, and the book is full of absorbing facts: that the science of neurology in America developed as a direct result of the Civil War, with its legacy of 'wounds to the brain and nervous system, malingering and exhaustion', and that the study of 'neurasthenia' anticipated in very precise ways Freud's findings on hysteria and melancholia.

She writes wittily and knowledgeably about medical attitudes to female nervous disorders. Alice ran the gamut of professional theories, from Charles Taylor's 'motorpathic' cures for 'Emotional Prodigality' (women became over-excited by being over-educated) to Dr Page's rest cures at the Adams Nervine Institute (where domestic responsibilities were held to blame) to electric current treatment with the expensive Dr Neftal ('a creature with the moral substance of a monkey'). Alice tried resting ('she is busy trying to idle', her mother wrote, 'and it is always very hard depressing work'), she tried exercise, she tried Europe ('the great American sedative', as Henry James called it in *The Wings of the Dove*). Her doctors continually disappointed her, her complex inexplicable symptoms persisted, and in the end she was *grateful* to find she had breast cancer:

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> I have longed and longed for some palpable disease, no matter how conventionally dreadful a label it might have, but I was always driven back to stagger alone under the monstrous mass of subjective sensation.

Yet this painful story is, paradoxically, not one of failure but of success. Alice was helped by her friendship with Katharine Loring, the competent Boston educationalist, by her settling in England after 1884 and becoming involved with English society and politics, and by Henry's support. Though Alice's 'Boston marriage' to Katharine, as such unmarried women's partnerships were called in New England, was marred by rivalry with a neurotic sister, and though Henry disliked it, as his account of Olive and Verena shows (it's odd that Edel leaves out his disapproving letters about Katharine), she did make Alice's life bearable. But the 'success' of Alice's apparently useless life came from within. As her diary and her deathbed letters show (it is useful to have Yeazell's clear edition of the letters alongside the life), and as the biography persuasively argues, she mastered her condition and transformed the unpromising material of her life into a strength:

> The clarity and calm she now expressed reflects a final covert rejection of her father's notion that there was 'nothing peculiar to herself' in her sufferings, that they were only 'part of our trouble as a race, struggling to get free.' Alice found, on the contrary, that spiritual strength came precisely from the aspects of her experience that were peculiar to herself. She accepted her life on its own terms, with all its limitations, not as a path to something else.

Henry (unlike William) understood her very well.

> The extraordinary intensity of her will and personality really would have made the equal, the reciprocal life of a 'well' person — in the usual world — almost impossible to her — so that her disastrous, her tragic health was in a manner the only solution for her.

They shared a sense of humour and a commitment to making the most of things. Alice's witty accounts of the *minutiae* of sickbed life — a very British-looking black beetle, for instance — are like Henry's jokes about the weather: 'the heat *solid*, and in big stodgy chunks like some other English things, a bun or an editorial.' They shared a growing aversion for English upper-class life. Alice was more political than Henry in her passionate support for Gladstone and Home Rule, but in these years he came to think of 'old England' as 'not so very "distinguished"', and of its aristocracy, in whose scandals he took a cool interest, as being 'like the heavy, congested and depraved Roman world upon which the barbarians came down'.

After the creative period in Italy in '86 and '87, he felt he had 'fallen upon evil days'. *The Princess Casamassima* and *The Tragic Muse* were unpopular, and his five-year onslaught on the English theatre, ending in the famous débâcle on the first night of *Guy Domville*, was a failure, largely due to his scorn of theatrical 'vulgarity and brutality'. These letters are primmer, more socially eclectic than the earlier letters from France. He detests journalists, the 'barbarian hordes' of tourists in Europe, 'ignorant brutes of managers and dense *cabotins* of actors'. But that is the chilling side of a choosiness and determination which will see him through this period of unease. He knows who he is and what he wants:

> I am deadly weary of the whole 'international' state of mind . . . I aspire to write in such a way that it would be impossible to an outsider to say whether I am, at a given moment, an American writing about England or an Englishman writing about America . . . So far from being ashamed of such an ambiguity I should be exceedingly proud of it, for it would be highly civilized.

That firmness is found quite as strongly in the letters which Alice James wrote from her deathbed:

> It is the most supremely interesting moment in life, the only one in fact, when living seems life, and I count it as the greatest good fortune to have these few months so full of interest and instruction in the knowledge of my approaching death.

No detail of her situation escaped her; she died in style, and Henry's epitaph was appropriately well-made. Describing Alice's death in great detail two days later to William, he wrote: 'When I came back to the bed she had drawn the last breath.' Then he crossed out 'last' and corrected it to 'she had drawn the breath that was not succeeded by another'. □

Derek Mahon

Derry morning: an interlude

'Il ne peut y avoir de progrès (vrai, c'est-à-dire moral) que dans l'individu et par l'individu lui-même.' — Baudelaire, *Journaux Intimes*

The mist clears and the cavities
Glow black in the rubbled city's
Broken mouth. An early crone,
Muse of a burnt-out revolution
Wasted by the fray, she sees
Her *aisling* falter in the breeze,
Her oak-grove vision hesitate
By empty wharf and city gate.

Here it began, and here at least
It fades into the finite past
Or seems to: clattering shadows whop
Mechanically over pub and shop.
A strangely pastoral silence rules
The shining roofs and murmuring schools;
For this is how the centuries work —
Two steps forward, one step back.

Hard to believe this tranquil place,
Its desolation almost peace,
Was recently a boom-town wild
With expectation, each unscheduled
Incident a measurable
Tremor on the Richter Scale
Of world events, each vibrant scene
Translated to the drizzling screen.

What of the change envisioned here,
The quantum leap from fear to fire?
Smoke from a thousand chimneys strains
One way beneath the returning rains
That shroud the bomb-sites, while the fog
Of time receives the ideologue.
A Russian freighter bound for home
Mourns to the city in its gloom.

(January 1979)

Note: an aisling is a Jacobite dream of a young woman symbolising liberty.

Women with disabilities talking

Images of Ourselves

Edited by JO CAMPLING

1981 is the International Year of Disabled People. The contributors to this volume are all disabled women; they come from a wide variety of backgrounds, from all over Britain, and their ages range from adolescence to old age. Each contribution is a deeply felt account of the writer's personal experience as a disabled woman. Many themes arise spontaneously from these accounts, such as personal relationships, sexuality, motherhood, education and employment. Above all, the contributions document attitudes towards women with disabilities, their position in society and, by reflection, our own dilemma as able-bodied people. 0 7100 0822 8, paperback £3.95.

Jo Campling is Lecturer in Social Policy at Hillcroft College. *Images of Ourselves* owes much to a handbook she wrote for **Virago**: *Better Lives for Disabled Women.* 0 86068 050 9 £1.25.

Women, Health and Reproduction

Edited by HELEN ROBERTS

Contributors: Pauline Bart, Katy Gardner, Hilary Graham, Jalna Hanmer, Ann Oakley, Jill Rakusen, Helen Roberts, Margaret Connor Versluysen, Gail Young.

In recent years, largely in response to the women's movement, there has been an upsurge of interest and concern in the health of women and the control — or lack of it — that women have over their bodies and their lives. Within a common feminist framework, this book centres on reproduction, discussing accessibly and forcibly a wide range of issues including childbirth, contraception, abortion and artificial insemination. The contributors demonstrate that lived experiences are as valid as the articles we read in academic and professional journals. Their articles document the lack of power which women continue to have over their bodies and fertility, and suggest ways in which women may 'seize the means of reproduction' and thus increase control over their own lives. 0 7100 0703 5, paperback £5.50.

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Peter Collier

Sartre on the rostrum

Jean-Paul Sartre: Philosophy in the World by RONALD ARONSON *New Left Books* £10 & £4

To read any book on Sartre is to be reminded how simple and plausible, if unpleasant, is his vision of the world. Rejecting the dead weight of the Freudian unconscious, Sartre, in his early theories of the imagination and the emotions, produced a two-dimensional model of the mind voluntarily creating images and emotions rather than suffering them. Consciousness, emptied of substance, sweeps transparently through the world, dynamically forging our being as the sum of our acts. Sartre's system makes little allowance for memory and dreams, ignores any kind of preconscious libidinal drive, supposes that desire is rational, and presents a frightening picture of consciousness transparent to itself yet perpetually chasing its own tail, forced to seek freedom and commitment in order to stay true to itself.

Although his plays and novels provide subtle explorations of the implications and difficulties of this search, Sartre's political journalism tended to develop a classical socialist debate in increasingly orthodox terms. He came to see the French Communist Party, including its bureaucratic, authoritarian aspects, as a historically necessary expression of the working class. Aronson gently reminds us that this fatalism leads to the ultimate absurdity of proving that all policies applied at any given moment are the only possible ones. (Has our Prime Minister been reading Sartre?) Yet Aronson is oddly hostile to Sartre's essays on Cuba, which are aimed at middle-class readers and disguise their marxist premises by presenting the sugar fields rhetorically as if they somehow naturally demanded public ownership. But didn't Marx also derive theory in the first place from an analysis of concrete conditions (in Britain)? And isn't convincing rhetoric applied to concrete observation the essence of effective journalism?

Sartre's intimidating and never completely published *Critique de la raison dialectique* conveys a grim vision of society reduced to a clash of individuals competing for scarce resources. Aronson questions Sartre's anti-marxist supposition that such a purely individual model is possible — for Aronson work can only be social, and human 'needs' are largely mental projections. Sartre's rather splendidly named 'pratico-inért' field is the thinking person's version of Reilly's Law. We act in a given situation, transform it into a new situation, creating new goals. We then become dominated by the unintended side-effects of our own actions. But this potentially fertile theory of social inertia is unfortunately used at great length by Sartre merely to prove fatalistically that the whole Soviet process necessarily required and produced both Stalin and the Trotskyite opposition.

Although Aronson does criticise Sartre's oversimplification in *L'Engrenage* of the clash between Stalinist revolutionary efficacity and humanist morality, he never quite engages with the ends/means debate in its own right. But it is, of course, the problem of using evil means to produce good which racks *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* as well as *Les Mains sales, Le Diable et le bon Dieu* as well as *L'Engrenage,* and it is precisely their different solutions to this problem which separated Sartre and Camus, whom Aronson travesties as 'a bitter anti-communist pretending to be neutral'.

Sartre's last positions in the Sixties and Seventies are even harder to defend. He argues that intellectuals would be more effective as workers than as intellectuals. But, in saying that the intellectual must negate his intellect in order to act, Sartre would seem to undermine the validity of the political culture that enabled him to take authoritative political stands like his own presidency of the Russell Tribunal. However muddled his thoughts, one Sartre on the rostrum is surely worth a thousand Sartres on the assembly line.

We must surely believe that intelligent political debate is an essential condition of any kind of socialist society, whether it is undertaken by 'intellectuals' or by politically literate individuals in non-intellectual occupations. Sartre's own refusal to republish his Cuba essays in France and his refusal to allow productions of *Les Mains sales* in certain countries where it would appear 'objectively' anti-communist show his own awareness of the political impact of intellectual argument, and we cannot forbear from protest when we see him welshing so completely on his dramatic statements in *Qu'est-ce que la littérature?* that 'to speak is to act', that 'words are loaded pistols', and, more aptly, that silence is also a committed position. Separation of writing and therefore of publicly accountable political thought from political action leaves the way open for uncritical activism where all acts are equally legitimate if performed in good faith.

IN AN otherwise careful analysis, Aronson is the innocent perpetuator of one momentously bad translation. His wholesale acceptance of one of the murkier parts of Bernard Frechtman's translation of *Esquisse d'une théorie des émotions* converts Sartre's elegant but homely *appareil à sous* (the pinball machine to be found in every French café) into a 'coin-making machine'. So that Aronson, unaware of Sartre's metaphor of the world as a randomly motivated pinball machine, where we desperately attempt to steer the ball between the rows of pins without it falling into the holes, is led to suppose that man has constructed some diabolical and entirely spurious coin-making machine for himself, complete with utilitarian ballbearings. Aronson is thus trapped into the pious wish that man might dismantle the machine and reassemble it for a different manufacturing operation. It occurs to me that this is what should happen to Aronson's pages 52 and 53. They should be called in for reconstruction by the manufacturer. They are luckily not the gearbox of the book, but the reader is left driving fast along a nasty stretch of road, in a torrent of ontological repartee, with no windscreen-wipers. Sartre's world is not as 'mechanical and law-governed' as Aronson would have us believe.

Sartre has courageously defended innumerable important and honourable causes. His thought is horribly difficult. Aronson's painstaking guide to its intricacies is thorough and clear, and its bias is honestly displayed. This book deserves to be around for some time, so perhaps later editions could include a thematic index (as well as a rehabilitation of the pinball machine). It is a book that should be read by anyone who cares about the problems involved in the passage from philosophical analysis to political action — and this would be a more worthy activity for the Labour left than their unnerving obsession with the composition of their electoral college. □

Basil Davidson

Acquainted with grief

Let Us Die Fighting: Namibia under the Germans by HORST DRECHSLER *Zed Press* £14.95 & £4.95

Struggling now to become an independent republic released from South Africa's control and system, Namibia may be a rather new word and place for most of us. Derived from the name for the bare brown plains that run down its Atlantic latitudes, the Namib Desert, Namibia is what used to be 'South West Africa', so called by the Germans who invaded it in the 1880s and possessed it till the South Africans took over after 1915. Apart from what is happening there now, a guerrilla war of independence countered by South African troops and a South African attempt (so far successful) to prevent any peaceful outcome, what can be said about Namibia and its colonial past?

Little enough. There are several useful books on the nature of South Africa's characteristically racist interpretation of the meaning of 'trusteeship' (the country having become, in theory, a UN trusteeship after being a League of Nations 'mandate'); and perhaps the best is Ruth First's volume in the — now, alas, deceased — Penguin African Library. But there is only one really useful book, so far as I know, on the 20-odd years of German rule; and here, at last, we have it in translation.

Anyone who may be tempted by a natural generosity to suppose that the colonial invasions and 'pacifications' were after all a rather bland affair of missionary kindness, marred by nothing worse than outbreaks of 'individual irresponsibility', should read this book. The imperial Germans, as it happens, were not especially brutal in their African forays when compared with their rivals. But their behaviour in 'South West' marked a horrendous episode not often equalled by other colonising powers.

The Herero and Nama peoples rose in 1904-07 against massive loss of land and cattle to German settlers (rather as the Ndebele and Shona rose against the British in Southern Rhodesia at much the same

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moment). They proved very hard to beat, and produced several guerrilla leaders of great capacity, perhaps most notably Jacob Morenga; but they were beaten in the end. As that occurred, women and children as well as men were driven without mercy into the Kalahari to die of thirst; many others were shot out of hand. The killing was widespread and systematic: genocide is scarcely too harsh a word for what was done to these peoples.

So much was proved by the official colonial census of 1911, a few years after the killing was over. Out of some 80,000 Herero estimated to be living before the insurrections began, only 15,130 were found alive in 1911; out of some 20,000 Nama, only 9,781. Silence fell upon the land. Around the middle of the first world war the South Africans acquired control; and the silence continued. Dreschler tells a central part of the story behind that silence.

But can we trust this book, coming as it does from the heart and core of doctrinaire rigidity, the German Democratic Republic? We can, for Dreschler is no propagandist. This is a scrupulous and carefully written book. It does much credit to German scholarship, above all at a time when West German interest in African studies, with one or two brave exceptions, has still to recover from the chauvinist suffocation of the Hitler years.

Not the least aspect of its interest, for historians, will be found in its account of the dissent that grew up between the German military authorities, bent on extermination, and their civilian colleagues, increasingly disturbed by the spectacle. The military carried the day, with the Kaiser firmly behind General von Trotha; but they had to carry it against the civilians as well as against the 'natives'. Dreschler has written an unusual and essential contribution to the unfolding colonial record.

He could do this because the colonial archives of the German imperial government were stored in Potsdam; and Potsdam fell within the 'Eastern Zone' at Germany's partition. From 1959 onwards, there appeared in East Berlin a series of very competent studies on German rule in East Africa, Kamerun, and Togo, closely using these archives; and Dreschler's, published originally in 1966, is perhaps the most interesting of them, partly because the 'South West' record has been so very bare of archival publication in any language. Here is a strongly factual portrayal of the country that white South Africa proceeded to make its own: a land of shattered peoples in the south and centre, where German rule held sway, leaving their northern neighbour, the Ovambo, to take over the same struggle and defiance in our own time. Truly, a land of sorrows. □

Among this week's contributors:

MICHAEL KIDRON's books include *Western Capitalism since the War*. His most recent publication, the co-authored *State of the World Atlas*, was reviewed in the *NS* of 20 March.

PETER COLLIER is a Fellow in French and Director of Studies in Modern Languages at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He is currently writing a book about Georges Bataille.

FICTION

Brian Martin

Turn, turn, turn

The Turn-around by VLADIMIR VOLKOFF *Bodley Head* £6.95
Base Case by JULIAN RATHBONE *Michael Joseph* £6.50
One Generation by A. K. HEATH *Allison & Busby* £6.50
Children of Lir by DESMOND HOGAN *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95 & £2.50

In *The Turn-around* the namesake of the Soviet ambassador to London, Popov, winds up as 'mincemeat smoking on the pavement' outside the Church of the Dormition of the Most Pure in Paris. The smell is awful: Volsky, the hero and narrator of this novel, holds his handkerchief to his nose while the assassin, a hired ex-OAS killer, makes his get-away. In the professional 'information' world, recourse to such a cleaning-up operation usually indicates a blunder and costs a professional his career: Popov's 'elimination' (French), 'maximum prejudice' (American), 'wet business' (Soviet) — was, paradoxically, to save Volsky's career.

Volsky, a French army officer seconded to be in charge of relations with British Special Intelligence, the CIA and Bundesnachrichtendienst, finds himself threatened with return to his regiment on account of unproductivity. In order to preserve his job and Parisian life-style, he invents Operation Culverin aimed at making KGB officer Popov defect. Aided by his superior, Lt Colonel Rat, and a retired meddling General Poirier, Volsky succeeds. Popov, who in his boyhood as a model Pioneer denounced the church-going of his parents, turns completely. ' "He wanted to take communion." "Conversion?" the Shopkeeper [Lt Col. Rat] chortled. "Talk of a turn-around." '

Volsky has manipulated his characters, realising that the most important element 'as in any "novel", was the relationship between the author (I, as it happened) and the principal character'. But it turns out that Popov's defection would expose the best French agent in the field — a triple agent, in fact, known to the French as Greek Fire, to the Americans as Popeye, and to the Russians as Crocodile. As Volsky admits, 'Greek Fire could work for us only so long as the Soviets did not know that we knew that he was working for them'. In the event, Popov has to be stopped; and so he ends up minced outside the Dormition, but, Greene-like, in a state of grace.

Volkoff's acknowledged master is Graham Greene: he dedicates the novel to him. There is less economy to be found here than in Greene's work, more detailed investigation of motives and actions. Topically, the climate is treason, the work is espionage, the medium intelligence networks: there are references to Brazzaville, to religion (Russian Orthodox rather than Greene's Roman Catholicism). Certain similarities are noted between communism and the Church: 'Before you're accepted into the Party, your past is taken apart bit by bit, everything is put on the table, everything is brought to the surface. Confession must serve the same purpose.'

Volkoff's novel is clever, intelligent, subtle, complicated. Readers need to keep their wits about them: retrospective irony makes it just possible to work out the identity of Greek Fire before he is finally revealed. Captain Tolstoy, Greek Fire's French case-officer, himself described as 'a novelist who has missed his vocation', sees a clear relationship between the work of the Intelligence man and the novelist. His saying is that 'the fizzled spook' always turns into a hack.

Volkoff uses the mnemonics of a number of French departments, for example GEST (Groupe d'études scientifiques et techniques). Julian Rathbone, whose *Base Case* by comparison is lightweight, floods his pages with them: LADI (Lineas Aereas de las Islas), SPADATS, EUREAC, IBOBRAS, DARPA, CRIC. The main concern is the building of an American missile base on the Virtue Islands, a Spanish dependency, and a plot by a group of influential revolutionaries to declare UDI. The novel revolves around the fortunes of Jan Argand, advising on IS (Internal Security) at the base and recovering from mental illness during which, true to the mnemonic style, he underwent ECT. At the same time as the political manoeuvring, a literary congress gathers on the main island, Las Guavas, and Rathbone casts a satirical glance at some current academic preoccupations:

> 'What's on tomorrow?' a voice behind him asked.
>
> And the answer came: 'Towards the Definition of Structural Parameters in the Early Works of Benitez.'
>
> 'Hola,' screamed the parrot. 'Hola, hola, hola.'

This fast-moving novel makes perceptive observations on contemporary Western behaviour but too often falls into the clutches of melodrama.

SET IN Guyana, Roy Heath's *One Generation* takes the Armstrong family saga on from *From the Heat of the Day*. Old Armstrong dies; his son Rohan leaves home, deserts his sister, Genetha, and migrates to a Moslem town in search of novelty and change. Frustrations, jealousies, religious differences lead to an unexpected and violent climax. Roy Heath writes fluently and convincingly about his humble characters. Intense and moving, the novel is slightly marred by too obvious a piece of symbolism at the end: 'Through the window he could see the bent figure of a man cutting grass with long sweeps of his scythe.'

Children of Lir is a collection of stories from Ireland, the land of tin dance-halls, showbands, neon lights, juke boxes and Our Lady of the Sorrows. Desmond Hogan pleads that Our Lady and that 'old croney, Mother Ireland' should get together and exercise some sort of Christian charity. He stresses the divide between the original Republicans, and present Provos and H-block protesters. His references are topical and his analyses true: in London 'Jackie and

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Moira assumed responsibility for the death of Earl Mountbatten, the Dowager Lady Brabourne and the two children killed with them.' Hogan emphasises, in 'The Sojourner', that the Irish bear a mass of 'guilt for the republican few, for the order of the gun, the enslaved and frightened eyes, the winsome thoughts of Patrick Pearse'. The narrator of 'Protestant Boy' knows, and minds about, the people who really suffer: 'The IRA were no heroes . . . I knew the faces of the poor deprived of Dublin. Would Patrick Pearse ever have saved them?' These are private stories with public resonances: they are about sad, long-suffering, feeling people and are told with humour and understanding.

Stephen Brook

Must be new

After the Wake: An Essay on the Contemporary Avant-Garde by CHRISTOPHER BUTLER *Oxford* £7.95

Memories of the Moderns by HARRY LEVIN *Faber* £7.95

In May 1922 three leaders of the modernist avant-garde — Picasso, Joyce, Stravinsky — attended the same dinner party in Paris. Proust was there too, and George Painter records that the evening was not a success. The great men were masters of different media, of course, but their achievements were interconnected. It is one of the strengths of Christopher Butler's stimulating book that he establishes similar connections between contemporary manifestations of the avant-garde. He is not so glib as to assert that there is a single movement called post-modernism, but he excavates the assumptions that underpin and give some coherence to post-war art, music and literature.

More than any preceding artistic movement, post-modernism rejects the past: the stress is on innovation. Even Joyce was indebted to Homer and Vico, but the contemporary composer Stockhausen has dismissed all the conventions that governed earlier processes of composition. He has to instruct his audience anew, resulting in what Butler calls a 'pedagogical intervention' — a forbidding feature of much contemporary art.

As Butler observes, the innovators swing in one of two directions: to a theory-dominated model, or towards the random and indeterminate. Serialism typifies the former; the work of Cage or Burroughs the latter. Either path is strewn with nettles, and in some cases mantraps, almost as though the practitioners are seeking to place obstacles in the way of their potential audience. Butler bravely maintains his receptivity: all 'serious' art is possessed of potential value until shown, somehow, to be worthless or, more likely, trivial. Butler's benignity courses through the whole book. He concludes optimistically, declaring that it's more important to inhabit the present than take refuge in the past.

Consequently, *After the Wake* is tentative in its claims and is neither a diatribe nor an apologia. Very occasionally, Butler lashes out at 'disarming obviousness' or 'dislikeable' work — referring to Carl André's 'modular systems' of the pile-of-bricks school. Rather than castigate the obvious meretriciousness of much post-modernist art, Butler more usefully points to its limitations. He accepts the pedagogic purpose of Cage's performances of silence, but observes: 'It made its critical point. But once that point has been made, little of any value may remain.'

Frequently Butler finds more to praise in the intention than in the artistic result. He carefully explains Stockhausen's 'explicit aesthetic of discontinuity' and the comparable aesthetics of Boulez. He finds these intentions radical and provocative, but his actual appreciation is conveyed by such words as 'impressive'. Our appreciation is necessarily subjective, and this inescapable privacy of response leaves us feeling that the radical intent is ultimately irrelevant. Among modern composers, Butler respects Messiaen and Nono for their 'expressive' serialism, and Boulez, in Hans Keller's phrase, for his 'catalogue of sonorities'. So in our attempts to derive some pleasure from post-modernist assaults we have to fall back on the aesthetic criteria we all bring, as part of the baggage of tradition, into the concert hall or gallery. This is not a quarrel with any of Butler's enthusiasms or criticisms, but a vexing sense that the theoretical explanations, so lucidly disentangled in this book, don't really help or matter. The difficulties of a Henry James stem from a wonderful scrupulosity; those of a Stockhausen seem, whatever his stated aesthetics, to be a deliberate confounding of expectations and a wilful barrier against communication.

Butler frequently observes that post-modernist art is preoccupied with critical concerns; these concerns 'not only activate artists, but are integral to their works'. He is thoroughly alive to the danger: 'The value of the work may be fatally confused with the critical response which it seems to specify.' In part this is because post-modernist art is unprecedentedly self-referential. Abstract expressionism is resolutely non-mimetic; serialism is enslaved by its own theory; the coherence of a *nouveau roman* is principally that of a 'linguistic construct'.

BY DISMISSING the past, post-modernism has refined itself into a corner and abandoned its audience. There has always been a line between 'high art' and popular culture; but Haydn transcribed folk songs and even Brahms wrote waltzes. The contemporary avant-garde, with a few exceptions such as Beckett and the Pop Artists, have raised that line into an almost insuperable barrier. Christopher Butler hopes that by coming to understand, we may learn to enjoy. I hope he is right, yet something seems seriously amiss with an avant-garde that usually intimidates more than it pleases.

After the Wake does not draw this conclusion; Butler's engaging receptivity leaves open many of the issues he raises. This is appropriate in a work of explication, and Butler is surely right to suspend judgment of the meal while the cooks are still busy in the kitchen.

Forty years ago, Harry Levin wrote one of the first and most durable critical introductions to Joyce and now reprints his most recent essays about the masters of literary modernism. He writes about Sartre and Mann with as much ease as about Auden and Hemingway. Discussing Eliot and Pound, he does not offer yet another critical exegesis, but provides a valuable study of their immersion in and attitudes to Europe and its literature. Although *Memories of the Moderns* mostly collects review articles, Levin's erudition gives them a broad perspective, as in his comparison of Jarrell's translation of Goethe's *Faust* with its precursors.

Yet Levin's urbanity, grace and care easily lead to blandness and caution. How well-groomed his prose is — and how well-groomed his judgments too. It is with relief that one notes the occasional bark of anger, as in his hostile review of Sartre's elephantine study of Flaubert. The collection concludes with an essay which Levin, aged 22, addressed to his teacher F.O. Matthiessen. Levin apologises for exhuming a piece he now regards as 'precious, pedantic, dogmatic'. But for the reader, that very precociousness, with all the flair and arrogance of opinionated youth, is immensely refreshing, and one can't help wishing that Levin had maintained the asperity of his youth even at the expense of the judiciousness of his professorial years.

Glyn Ford

D503's world

The Science of Human Progress by ROBIN HOLLIDAY *Oxford* £6.95

The writing of 'utopias' has a long history. Their reception has been varied; many have remained unread, while a few have perceptibly altered the cultural tone of an age. Orwell's *1984* is one of the few. The imagery and symbolism of 'Big Brother', of 'The Ministry of Love' are constantly traded upon; held up before totalitarian developments as the crucifix towards the vampire.

Orwell, in as much as *1984* was a comment on scientific developments, focussed his attention upon the threat posed by progress in the physical sciences to freedom and democracy. This is epitomised by the unblinking eye watching over Wilson in the form of the telescreen. The very success of *1984* has cast into the shadows some of its 20th-century precursors. One of these, Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We*, has for its backdrop 'progress' in the biological sciences.

D503, watching the torture of I330, smiling inanely, has only one thought, 'Reason must prevail against the enemies of happiness'. But he has just had the operation to remove his ability to think 'irrational' thoughts that cast into doubt the kindliness of the Benefactor. If the content of *We* had been built into our ways of thinking in the same manner as that of *1984* then it might have given the author of *The Science of Human Progress* some pause for thought

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before he launched the reckless dash of his enthusiasm into the future.

Robin Holliday's book is in reality — the whole book is only 110 pages in length —two pamphlets conflated. The first is an account of the developments in molecular biology over the past two decades, and here we have a fairly clear summary, in accessible language, of the current state of this new field. What comes along with it and is legitimised by it is more controversial. Here, following an espousal of the gradualist philosophy of Karl Popper, the author makes an impassioned plea for the enhanced funding of fundamental scientific research on molecular biology. Those who are to do this work are to be the reincarnation of Samuel Smiles's Victorian 'heroes of science', and they will, of course, determine the direction of their own research.

In exchange for this blank cheque to science what are we going to get? We are to get advances in genetic engineering that will enable them to understand the basis of human behaviour, and us to benefit since they will then be in a position to control our moral and 'spiritual' developments.

More specifically on offer is the possibility of 'scientifically' determining the comparative merits of comprehensive versus 'grammar school' education; the right balance between commitments to reproduction and family and commitments to other roles in society; the causes of homosexuality and how to treat it; how to prevent aggression or channel it effectively into harmless or even socially beneficial pathways. Finally we are offered the depoliticisation of politics, as molecular biology promises to adjudicate between the veracity of left- and right-wing beliefs, and the control of 'anti-social' behaviour. It's a pity that immersion in 'high science' seems to create such political illiteracy.

Genetic engineering, suitably directed and controlled, potentially offers cheap and new sources of energy, improvements in food production, new medical treatments and more efficient industrial processes. Yet these Holliday ignores.

The debate in the Labour Party over accountability was to a certain extent fired by the actions of Reg Prentice, the erstwhile Labour MP for Newham NE. I can think of no finer fate for this book than that it produces a similar demand for accountability from those who control our expenditure on science and technology. For, if the patriarchs who currently make the choices about the directions of British science and technology policy think like Holliday, then it is long overdue.

To conclude one can do no better than quote the author. He writes in the Preface that, 'my approach will be regarded by many readers as naive, over simplistic, or even old-fashioned'. One can only agree with this catalogue, while trying to resist adding 'reactionary'. □

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THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Bloody & close

The Duchess of Malfi by WEBSTER *Round House*
Glasshouses by STEPHEN LOWE *Theatre Upstairs*
Balconville by DAVID FENNARIO *Old Vic*

Whether because it's performed in a smallish ring formed by the audience's knees and boggling faces, or because of the directness and clarity yet imaginative boldness of Adrian Noble's production, or because my own feelings of political paranoia were riding high at the time, Webster's sanguinary *Duchess* struck me last week as an altogether less remote experience than recent revivals had left me remembering. All right, I can't precisely conceive of Robert Runcie joining forces with the Prince of Wales to drive Princess Anne barking (or neighing) mad and butcher the virtuous commoner Mark Phillips. I don't even suppose our archbishop is very often tied to a blood-red bed, its posts smoking incense, and genially entertained by a nymphomaniac he then proceeds to zap with a poisoned bible. But our own age can hardly disown high-placed hypocrisy, greed, guile and spite, especially when their agent is someone as thoroughly recognisable as our own Bob Hoskins.

Myself, I kept expecting this squat, gristly figure to burst out with a 'bloody 'ell' or a 'sod that' as an importunate yet ungrateful nob-class manoeuvred him into perpetrating still greater outrages on its behalf. His Bosola is perhaps too much the leathered assassin, somewhat unwillingly going about his professional business, and too little the death-obsessed melancholic. But he is a powerful presence, and in many ways a plausible one. For once, you believe he's just been released from two years hard in the galleys, and has emerged tougher, grimmer, though not without his old pep and a certain baleful humour.

Mike Gwilym, playing the malicious and eventually lycanthropic Duke Ferdinand, has a curious way of shifting his mouth from side to side to suggest a fastidious disgust, and when that disgust becomes stronger, more tormented, more blatantly incestuous, he has the physical resources to cope with that, too: weeping, twitching, cackling, crouching, growling, snarling, scampering away, and somehow remaining authentic and unfunny. Make Sir Horace Cutler sit through *The Romans in Britain* six times more, and maybe that's how he would conduct himself. Beside this brotherly bravura, Helen Mirren cuts an austerer figure, but a no less impressive one. Gone are the actressy touches, the gratuitous decoration with which she was once wont to embellish and spoil her performances: here, instead, is straight feeling and straight dealing, a woman of courage and integrity, controlled passion and unpretentious pride. Her defiance in extremis, 'I am Duchess of Malfi still', rings through the theatre; and if it doesn't echo or reverberate as strongly as I suspect it did at the Royal Exchange, Manchester, from where this *Duchess* comes, it's only because the Round House is a less vaulty structure, less friendly to some of the production's more striking sound-effects.

Light is another matter, and clearly one of Mr Noble's specialities and strengths. Throughout, the switches and buttons in the control-box are producing arresting results; but never more so than at an ending that proves inventive in other respects, too. Hoskins and Gwilym stab and bite at each other, sniggering conspiratorially as they die in their self-created abattoir. Then out of the shadows come the survivors, among them the dead Duchess's young son and everyone else's hope for the future; and the lights intensify until he's swathed in a glaring white that leaves him part-blinded, part-bewildered, part-exhilarated. Clearly, he is on as well as in the spot. What will *he* make of the power suddenly poured upon him?

STEPHEN LOWE's *Touched* showed a Nottingham wife, her husband away at the war, moving from highfaluting optimism to abject despair between VE Day and Hiroshima; and his *Glasshouses,* set in the same city 18 years later, proves her forebodings only too accurate. The men are back with (variously) troubled memories, macho bigotry, bruised minds and wrecked eardrums. The women have become resentful, bitter, sometimes vicious. The rehousing that occurs during the play seems only to exacerbate what look like terminal tensions. If there's hope, it's presumably in the younger generation; but its principal representative has become a sort of voyeuristic aesthete, exploiting the miseries around him with a hand-held camera. To be a blend of Antonioni and D.H. Lawrence is the improbable nub of his ambition.

I suspect Lowe wants to say some scathing things about the self-absorption and callousness of the Sixties generation. As it turns out, he sacrifices, not only the overt didacticism that somewhat spoiled *Touched,* but the social edge that gave it much of its interest. This is mainly a play about personal perversity, oppression and exploitation. Nothing wrong with that, of course — except that the evening has a rather skimpy, unfilled feel to it.

'It's nobody's fault, it's everybody's fault': a line that reflects the helplessness, the amorphous angst of Lowe's wrangling oldsters, but actually comes from a character in *Balconville,* festering in her tinderwood slum. This is performed, and very well performed, by Montreal's Centaur Company, and some Britons will have trouble understanding the occasional French-Canadian patois and appreciating the social divisions which causes one family to display the maple leaf, another the fleur-de-lis. But the fundamental point is international enough: that considerations of employment, housing, poverty vastly override issues of nationalism, separatism and whatever else is exploited by vote-hungry politicians offstage. The play veers once or twice towards soap-opera, but survives to bring a documentary authority to the questions implicit in its close. If limey and frog can achieve the togetherness necessary to save a sofa from a fire, why can't tribal boundaries be breached more often and to more good effect? Well, why not? □

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FILMS

John Coleman

Country matters

Tess (A) *Empire*
Popeye (U) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Superman II (A) *Warner; Classic, Haymarket; Studio, Oxford Circus; ABCs Shaftesbury Avenue, Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*

By common accord, Thomas Hardy is one of the most 'cinematic' of great novelists. His eye shifts from speaking detail — a marmalade jar of flowers by a baby's grave — to broad vistas, a green world sweepingly seen from a ridge. There are times when he might be writing not merely for the wide screen but for the camera itself, directly, inviting close-ups, medium or long shots, proposing such movements as a track or pan. Whatever it was not, John Schlesinger's 1967 *Far from the Madding Crowd* was thoroughly alert to such visual hints: Sergeant Troy, for instance, caught as 'a dim spot of artificial red moving around the shoulder of the rise' when he meets Bathsheba for the sword-exercise episode; a diminished Bathsheba dwindling away on a toy horse. In Nicolas Roeg's photography, it looked marvellous, if anything marvellous to a fault. A sense of the grimed and rooted was generally lacking. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about Schlesinger's film was that it was there at all; for, despite the apparent provocations Hardy offers with his microcosmic Wessex, very few directors have wanted to know. TV is another matter.

To the best of my knowledge, what many regard as the summit of Hardy's achievement, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles,* has been filmed only once before, in a silent version with Blanche Sweet. Now it has taken the courage — the mean-spirited might say the favour-currying cunning — of a foreign director currently celebrated for the wrong reasons, Roman Polanski, to turn it into a motion picture: and what a picture — or, better, what a fantastic series of pictures. His *Tess,* photographed by the late Geoffrey Unsworth and by Ghislain Cloquet, is as ravishing a spectacle as the Schlesinger, with the further benefit of life's warts — mud, wrinkles, sweat, smoke, stains, bruises. Whether tugging on the teats of swollen-uddered cows or chopping away at a field full of caked, knotty swedes, this Tess (Nastassia Kinski) is no exquisite figurine playing at farming. Exquisite she is for the most part, and not only when decked in her Sunday finery, but then Hardy had her so, a vulnerable, tragic lass a cut above her companions, both good and beautiful. She has, too, that 'mobile peony mouth', that 'flower-like mouth', that finally 'maddening mouth' so obsessively returned to.

The camerawork has another, difficult virtue. The novel is alive with descriptions of light in all its manifestations — sparkling, misty, hazy, glancing, chill, flickering from a candle, flaring from a fire, at dawn and at dusk — and this tricky business of translations from luminescence to steeliness is trapped with incredible, devoted subtlety. The doomed tale of Tess — seduced by ruthless Alec d'Urberville and, their sickly baby dead and buried by her, then wooed and won by glamorous, free-thinking Angel Clare, a parson's son, who deserts her after marriage when she confesses her forced, short-lived 'past' — is also followed, in a screenplay by Polanski, Gérard Brach and John Brownjohn, with decent devotion to the original, down to Angel's belated return, the killing of Alec, a touching finale at Stonehenge. There are inevitable omissions, elisions, but the essential narrative is preserved.

As a fitfully sympathetic Alec, Leigh Lawson is persuasive and Peter Firth is perfectly cast as the weak, hypocritical Angel, progressively shown as the real bastard of the piece. Among a whole population of well-found faces, the three country maidens lovesick for young Mr Clare — Marian (Carolyn Pickles), Retty (Caroline Embling) and hard-done-by Izz (Suzanna Hamilton) — are properly comic and pathetic by turns, with young Izz outstanding in a tiny scene with Angel, off to Brazil.

The figures in the landscapes are convincing throughout. And the landscapes and interiors are by and large painstakingly right, particularly when one considers that Polanski shot his 19th-century Wessex in coastal Normandy and Brittany. The tortures of a long day's threshing, with Tess frenziedly kept working on 'the red tyrant' of a machine by a sadistic farmer, come over hellishly; Angel's ferrying of a quartet of besotted, church-bound girls across a flooded stretch of lane has an apt and funny sweetness; that famous spreading blood-stain on the landlady's ceiling at The Herons by the sea takes its swift, fatal toll. Painterly everywhere, the film seems to become more resonantly so in its later stages, with undisturbing echoes of the French Impressionists and Tess herself a very Manet lady as the mistress again of Alec, hair up and half-frizzed over her forehead, escaping (with Angel) in a little red hat and a veil and a striking red travelling ensemble. I say 'undisturbing' with *Barry Lyndon* firmly in mind, where the deliberate visual mimicking of famous painters (Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable, etc.) became a kind of intrusive quiz-show, or showing-off. Here the allusions are a pleasure and very relevant to Hardy's own concern with the play of light, from gauzy to grimly edging.

YET, FOR all its fidelities and *trouvailles,* this *Tess* is missing an all-important beat, a heart-beat, one is tempted to say. Somehow the involvement necessary to *feel* the weight of tragedy, and of Tess's peculiarly appealing goodness rising above it, is proposed without being achieved. In her first starring role Nastassia Kinski, whose occasional resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman is startling, does more than might be expected of her: even the West Country accent works a lot of the time. If a certain stolidity — spiritual, not physical — rather bogs her down, she is far more than a pretty face. The fault is probably Hardy's, after all, in that his seeming openness to filmic conversion may be a false friend. Take this passage from the book:

Natassia Kinski as the 'vulnerable tragic lass'

> On these lonely hills and dales her quiescent glide was of a piece with the element she moved in. Her flexuous and stealthy figure became an integral part of the scene. At times her whimsical fancy would intensify natural processes around her till they seemed a part of her own story. Rather they became a part of it; for the world is only a psychological phenomenon, and what they seemed they were.

It is precisely in this semi-mystical author's traffic on the page, in the way language may establish connections between landscape and figures so that one reflects and amplifies the other, that Hardy makes his heroine's fate so substantial and encompassing. And all the voices over and camera finesse in the world must fail to capture such creative fusions. But it is a brave try.

COMIC-STRIP renderings — and one had heard such bad report of Robert Altman's *Popeye* that the event was a relief, albeit slight. This bulge-armed sailor man lands in a higgledy-piggledy, junkshop Sweethaven bent on finding long-lost poppa. Robin Williams has guttural larks with a Feiffer script (some whores around, he fears a 'venerable disease') and Shelley Duvall gangles and screeches and flirts outrageously as a perfect Olive Oyl (her sweet and silly song-and-dance, 'He Needs Me', is the high moment). Bluto, Wimpy and the gang are passably impersonated, but the other joy is Altman's year-old grandson, Wesley Ivan Hurt, as a wry, beaming Swee'Pea. Altmanesque quirks abound —overlapping voices, zany characters doing mad little 'bits' on the fringes, everything very busy — but kids may wonder where *their* Popeye went. This one *hates* spinach.

Richard Lester has taken over *Superman II,* which ought to be good news. In the event, this continuation (*III* is promised) held me a shade less than the first, maybe because the special effects — said to be 'improved' — were *déjà vus,* maybe because the trio of baddies imprisoned in a square mirror in space in the ur-movie are *really* heavy, led by Terence Stamp as General Zod, when released and eager to take over the Earth. Christopher Reeve's Superman engages most when yearning, as Clark Kent,

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for fellow-reporter Lois (once again, the pert Margot Kidder). Gene Hackman's wicked Luthor has sadly few interventions, all nice. The dialogue has its zippy delights for those prepared to wait around. 'Mush, mush,' says Luthor to Miss Teschmacher (two minutes of Valerie Perrine) in the frozen wastes. 'I am mushing,' says Miss T. testily. Lois briefly twigs that Clark and Superman are the same bloke. 'Let's go to my place,' he says, meaning that Fortress in the icy North again. Two new gimmicks — red, eye-rays, or Heat vision, and exhaling, or Super Ice Breath — cost some of the money.

Weekend competition

No 2663 **Set by P.W.R. Foot**

One suspects that the advice given to Mrs Worthington about not putting her daughter on the stage has largely been ignored. Compers might like to try their hands at similar advice on attempting to keep daughters away from other professions or occupations. Max. 16 lines by 24 April.

No 2660 **Set by Sir Gel**

Conan Doyle, Dorothy L. Sayers or Agatha Christie on the case of the poisoning of Britain by Margaret Thatcher.

Report **By Al Fresco**

Ever since She Who Must etc found me employed — on, I might say, a quite excessively dull day in the Complex — in thumbing through some newly acquired Chandlers and Hammetts, she has been waiting to wreak her revenge by making me sweat over all the sacks of entries drawn by a comp parodying popular literature. And, tell it not to her, jolly good fun it's been, too. The only disappointment was your almost universal addiction to Doyle. A two-quid consolation prize, therefore, to E.O. Parrott for the only half-way decent attempt at a Sayers and nine for each winner.

My companion seemed unperturbed, but I confess that I shuddered inwardly. Calmly plucking a leaf from *The Complete Friedman*, he raised the weary eyelids which concealed his ever present vigilance.

'The business is plain,' murmured Holmes, brandishing the 15th and final page. 'This has been penned by an elderly but purblind academic, whose hands are unusually well-groomed. He has never been gainfully employed in manual labour; an amateur economist, I fancy. The poisonous recipe is here!'

'But Holmes!' I protested, 'How can . . .'

My friend brushed aside my interruptions.

'Simply consider, Watson, the Chancellor's extraordinary actions, and you will observe how the evidence implicates the lady in question.'

'But the Chancellor has done nothing!'

'That is what is so extraordinary,' commented Sherlock Holmes. BILL GREENWELL

'I blame myself, Watson — anyone less obstinately obtuse would have realised that her being a Marxist mole and a full Colonel in the KGB even before she got into the sixth form marked merely the *extent* of her treachury. Its *technique* eluded me. But not Mycroft, my esteemed brother. Only he saw that the explanation of the universal hysteria excited by listening to her — in friends as much as in foes — lay in the voice itself. We talk glibly of aural pollution, Watson, but only those red devils in the Kremlin have cottoned on to the fact that the systematic, insistent reiteration of certain excruciating overtones can rot the sanity of a whole nation.' MARTIN FAGG

Our visitor left, still looking over his shoulder, and Holmes remarked on his nervousness. 'If his story is true,' I said, 'that is surely understandable.'

'A man does not look over his shoulder for a poisoner, Watson,' observed Holmes drily. 'For a knife attacker, perhaps. I attribute that action to the fact that Mr Shore is a likely contender for the Labour Party leadership.'

He went on: 'I would have regarded his story with suspicion had I not seen this news item in *The Times*.'

He handed me the newspaper and I read, with deep horror: 'Professor James Moriarty, proponent of the controversial doctrine of "toxic monetarism" has been appointed by Mrs Thatcher as economic adviser.' PETER VEALE

Turning to me, Holmes said, 'I feel sure that tonight we are going to meet the person who has been eluding us for months.'

Arriving at Baker Street, we rushed upstairs to find a dishevelled creature waiting in our rooms. She looked seriously ill to me. Holmes nodded at me as if to say, 'Yes, this is she!'

'Good evening, Prime Minister,' he said to the woman, and she collapsed in a faint.

'But how . . . ?' I stammered.

'Elementary, my dear Watson,' he replied. 'The strand of pinkish blonde hair on the coat collar, the size 14 navy-blue twinset, but the most conclusive evidence is that,' and here he paused, 'the woman's so stupid she's poisoned herself.' RUPERT J. CRAVEN

'So,' mused Monsieur Priorot, 'the poison acted slowly — our victim was bled almost dry before her industrial heartland gave out.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Inspector Pym. 'Central Office favours a delayed action theory — the poison being administered between 1974 and 1979. The housekeeper, Mrs Hatcher, swears that from no-one but herself had access to the victim.'

'Quite so,' Priorot remarked. 'Now this book found in her chamber — a drama by your Christopher Fry, with the word NOT significantly erased. Is this not a message for us?'

'No idea, sir,' responded the slow-witted Pym.

'I suggest,' returned Priorot triumphantly, 'that we must search on this side of the house for the malefactor.'

'You mean — an inside job?' blurted the inspector, aghast. PETER NORMAN

'The mysterious ailment has struck again,' said Holmes gravely. I looked up from my treatise. Something in his manner commanded my attention.

'You mean the inexplicable epidemics?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'It strikes madness into one section of the population after another. Consider. First there is the docility of the unemployed, then the irrational behaviour among politicians. You recall the case of Mrs Shirley Williams?'

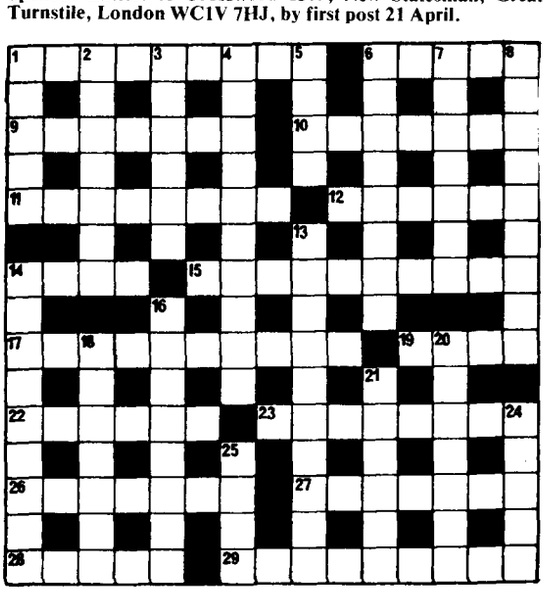
'By Jove,' I replied, 'I do. Then there was the mass running across London.'

'Precisely,' said Holmes, 'and now hundreds of berserk economists are rampaging in the streets!' GERARD BENSON

Chess: since Tony Miles has left the *NS*, the chess column is being discontinued. While there may be regret in some quarters, scenes of wild rejoicing have occurred in the Comp Complex at the thought of *extra space*. And even Gerard Benson, who was complaining only this week about short comps, may possibly forgive us for cutting his copy in order to get this notice in.

Weekend Crossword 1379

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1379, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 21 April.



ACROSS

1 State of individuals entering another country (9)
6 Decline when penniless go back after penny (5)
9 Kind of company offering small amount in cover (7)
10 Scientist has to regret going back after history (7)
11 Place in Scotland makes one gloomy about the National Trust (8)
12 One and a half times a remover (6)
14 The joint for drink (4)
15 It helps provide a platform to bring down the council (10)
17 Girl returns to town to get navigator's job (10)
19 Agricultural measure for a town (4)
22 Means of steering for a farmer (6)
23 It is not usual to modify a moral ban (8)
26 With a single drink about Amin is in his element (7)
27 The Spanish enter a medal for showing endurance (7)
28 Shrub used for planting or setting in tubs (5)
29 Expedient used to produce a lot of workers (9)

DOWN

1 I deal violently with religion (5)
2 Having an income roughly below five hundred is spirited (7)
3 'Beauty is —'s coin, must not be hoarded' (Milton) (6)
4 Teams sadly without a penny for food (10)
5 Killers as an afterthought (4)
6 Tell one cries unhappily in a strange bed (8)
7 Largely an appeal to poetry but not at home (7)
8 Game portion put on range (9)
13 E.g. South Bank introduces learner to direct (10)
14 Lame actor with one line (9)
16 Nice beef carved up for the living (8)
18 More friendly for everyone in a seaside place (7)
20 A violinist, I cut a Scot up (7)
21 The five of us occur in books (6)
24 Clue for the frivolous (5)
25 One of the religious leaders who give one a degree by writing (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 40

H	E	R	C	U	L	E	O	K	C	O	S	
A	H	O	L	E	A	P	O	I	R	O	T	
S	E	G	O	A	W	L	F	L	O	E	Y	
T	I	E	U	P	S	U	N	L	O	V	E	
I	R	R	D	E	E	M	E	K	K	A	S	
N	L	A	S	X	N	O	R	I	E	N	T	
G	E	C	K	E	D	S	S	M	D	S	R	
S	E	K	O	S	L	E	A	U	H	T	O	
M	A	R	P	L	E	S	T	R	O	A	M	
I	R	O	A	D	S	E	Z	D	U	M	B	
S	T	Y	L	E	S	X	M	E	S	S	U	
S	A	D	E	N	C	Y	P	R	E	S	S	

Title gives dates and anagram of Agatha Christie: asterisked clues lead to characters and (part) title.

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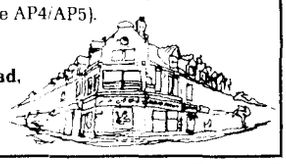

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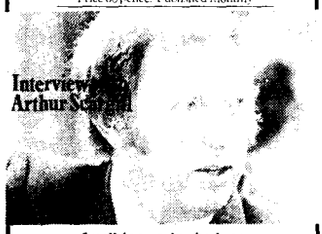

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An MA and Diploma is offered from October 1981 designed to provide advanced courses in North/South relations and on the economic and political institutions of advanced 'industrial states. The scheme involves taught courses, examinations and a research element in the form of a short thesis, all to be completed within a twelve-month period. Arrangements for part-time study (pro rata fees) exist.

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Further particulars of this MA both full-time and part-time, may be obtained, together with application forms, from:

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POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON
SCHOOL OF THE ENVIRONMENT
HOUSE PURCHASE LEGAL & SURVEYING AILMENTS & HOW TO CURE THEM
8 May 1981

The theme of this one day course is that solicitors' conveyancing is positively harmful to the interests of the house purchaser and mortgagee and that the situation can be easily remedied.

Speakers will include **Michael Joseph,** solicitor, author of **'The Conveyancing Fraud',** and **Brian McPhee,** Head of the Law Unit of the School of Environment, PCL.

The fee for the course will be £25, which includes lunch, coffee, tea and documentation.

Enquiries to: **Rosemary Sweeney, telephone 01-486 5811 Ext. 264.**

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CHANCE, HISTORY, ART... Arts Council of Great Britain

A Film by James Scott

Conversations with five artists

9 April – 3 May at 1.00 and 9
15 April at 7.00 and 9.00

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ALL SEATS BOOKABLE

Theatres

THEATRE GOERS – please note: cc – credit cards; S-Student standby.

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332 cc 379 6233. Low price prevs 13, 14, 15. Then 16, 18 (m&e) 'The Knight Of The Burning Pestle' by Francis Beaumont. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in Premiere Production 'The Accrington Pals' by Peter Whelan. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

GARRICK. S&CC Charing Cross Road. MIKE LEIGH'S SMASH HIT. **'GOOSE-PIMPLES'**. 'ANTONY SHER GIVES NOT ONLY ONE OF THE FUNNIEST PERFORMANCES IN LONDON, BUT ALSO ONE OF THE MOST TOUCHING' – J. Tinker, D. Mail. THIS IS A TERRIBLY FUNNY PLAY, STRONGLY RECOMMENDED. – James Fenton, S. Times. 'FIRST CLASS THEATRE – IT'S BLISTERING ENTERTAINMENT WHICH POURS ON THE GAGS, THE DISCOMFORT AND THE DETAIL' – S. Grant, Time Out. Opens 29 April. Box Office: 01-836 4601. *Group sales: 01-379 6061.*

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252 Olivier (open stage), 'The Life of Galileo', 'Hiawatha', 'Amadeus', 'A Month in the Country'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Measure for Measure', 'The Provoked Wife'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Don Juan'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

WHITEHALL cc **Box Office.** Tel. 930 6692/7765 credit card sales. **Whitehall's latest Farce:**

'ANYONE FOR DENIS?'

by JOHN WELLS, directed by DICK CLEMENT.

Reduced price previews from 28 April. Opens 7 May.

OLD VIC. 928 7616, cc261 1821 'S'. Last perfs. Fri. 7.30 Sat. 2 & 7.30, The Centaur Company of Montreal in Fennario's 'Balconville'. Mon 13 Apr. 7 p.m. (red.pr. prev.) Tues, Wed, Thurs 7.30, Prunella Scales & Timothy West in 'The Merchant of Venice'.

Meetings

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, London SW1. 14 April 1.00 Shirley Williams discusses her book 'Politics is for People'. Tkts £1.00. 930 3647

MICHAEL ZANDER Professor of Law speaking on the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 15 April at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. Organised by the Central London Fabian Society. All welcome. Further details: Helen Price 01-870 2233 (office hours).

POLAND: What have the Workers Achieved? Public meeting organised by The Socialist Party of Great Britain. Monday, 13 April, 8.15 p.m. Muswell Hill Library, Queen's Ave, London N10.

STRASBOURG and The European Parliament. Study Visit 3-6 May. Director: Brian Key MEP. Cost (members) £77, non-members £82. Flight, hotel inclusive. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01 222 8877

CIVIL RIGHTS and Liberties. Young Fabian Weekend School, Cudham Hall, Kent. 24-26 April. Director: Phillip Whitehead. Speakers: Chris Price, David Pannick, Alex Lyon, Tom Crowe, Raymond Plant, Ben Whitaker. Cost Friday-Sunday £26.50. Good food, accommodation, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. 01-222 8877.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 12 April 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting. 'Psychic Powers and Hazards'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

ZIONIST-NAZI COLLABORATION

Speaker: **Albert Langer,** JAZA (Jews Against Zionism & anti-Semitism.)

Monday, 13 April, 6.30 p.m. Conway Hall, London WC1.
Organised by **BAZO-Palestine Solidarity.**

London Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

Easter Action 1981

SAY NO TO WAR PREPARATIONS

Join one of five London marches to Government bunkers on

SATURDAY 18 APRIL

North London. Assemble 11 a.m. Whitestone Pond, march to Dollis Hill Sector Control, rally in Gladstone Park.

North East London. Assemble 11 a.m. Mile End station, march to Wanstead Sector Control, rally in Northumberland Ave.

South East London. Assemble 12.30 p.m. Herne Hill, march to Norwood Sector Control, rally in Crystal Palace Park.

South West London. Assemble 12.00 Morden Park, London Road entrance, march to Cheam Sector Control, rally in Nonsuch Park.

West London. Assemble 10.30 a.m. Uxbridge Common, march to Hillingdon shelter and RAF/USAAF base at Uxbridge. Rally in Hillingdon at 1 p.m. Motorcade from Brunel University car park at 10 a.m. to Northwood NATO Headquarters.

PART OF EUROPEAN WIDE ANTI-WAR ACTION THIS EASTER

CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4. 01-263 4954.

Appeal

El Salvador EMERGENCY

Nearly 20,000 people have been killed since the present government seized power.

Peasant and popular organisations and the Church have been repressed. Military and economic aid from the US government to El Salvador continues.

The violence continues.

The people of El Salvador want a better and more just society. They are fighting against political oppression, economic and social inequality and foreign intervention.

Help these people now with a contribution to War on Want's Emergency Fund.

War on Want has alreay sent funds for a medical aid project and relief work.

More support is needed urgently.

I enclose a donation of £.....
for **War on Want's El Salvador Emergency Fund.**

Name.....

Address.....

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Please send more information on: ( ) El Salvador ( ) General work ( ) membership ( ) covenants

Please return to:

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Room NS11, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE

SUPPORT THE HUNGER STRIKERS!

There exists in the six North Eastern counties of Ireland a very **SPECIAL** type of prisoner. Many are in their teens and have lived in **SPECIAL** circumstances with up to 25,000 armed British troops on their streets at any one time over the last eleven years.

They have been arrested for **SPECIAL** offences (called scheduled offences) and have been held under **SPECIAL** legal powers (the Emergency Provisions Act and the Prevention of Terrorism Act). They have received **SPECIAL** interrogation i.e. TORTURE (see Amnesty International, European Court of Human Rights and the government's Bennett Report) and as a result of which over 85% of all convictions are based on a 'voluntary' confession (N.C.C.L.).

After conviction in a **SPECIAL** no-jury (Diplock) court they are then sent to **SPECIAL** purpose-built jails. (the H Blocks of Long Kesh).

On 1 March Bobby Sands went on hunger strike in protest at the government's failure to implement the agreement reached at the end of the last 53 day hunger strike which received support from all over the world including the entire Portuguese Parliament!

He has been joined by three other prisoners in Long Kesh and they are demanding the return of the 'special category' status that all political prisoners had up until 1 March '76.

SUPPORT THE HUNGER STRIKERS' JUST DEMANDS!
NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON 26 APRIL.
ASSEMBLE 1.30 KILBURN TUBE

This advertisement was organised by the S. London Troops Out Movement and was paid for by donations from many Trade Unionists.

FURTHER INFORMATION FROM AND DONATIONS TO: H BLOCK/ARMAGH COMMITTEE (LONDON), P.O. BOX 353, LONDON NW5 4NH.

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